

JUNE

# BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JUNE

BLUE BOLT

OFFICIAL  
Big League Ball

10¢

JACK HEARNE

VOL. 8 — NO. 1





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

The Boys' Clubs of America today number 260, with over a quarter of a million boy members throughout the country.

In their own clubhouses, boys from 8 to 20 years of age find safe and constructive activities and good leaders. The Clubs in larger cities are located where housing congestion is greatest. Smaller cities and towns have placed their Clubs where they are accessible to all the boys in the community.

The established principle in either case is that any boy can join and any boy can afford to belong. All the Clubs are open to members every day after school and in the evening. No member need find recreation and companionship elsewhere.

Each Boys' Club is a self-governing organization controlled by adult citizens and financed by the public, either directly or through the Community Chests. Control, leadership, and membership are non-sectarian.

These Boys' Clubs pay dividends to their communities and to the nation. Their physical training and health activities produce stronger and healthier men. For a nation which prides itself on its production lines, the production of strong minds and healthy bodies should be a top priority.

How about it, gang! Let's get behind the Boys' Clubs of America and keep the production line rolling.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Jim Wilcox is the best artist in the business. I've never seen any other book with artist's work such as his. You should give him a raise.

Why don't you have some stories where Laura enters a contest? Then Dick Cole can cheer her.

The new story, "Rick Richards," is very interesting in the January issue. Do we get to see more of him?

In closing I have only to say that no finer book than BLUE BOLT has been published.

Yours truly,

Bob Horton  
Richmond, Calif.

*We know Jim will appreciate your kind words, Bob. As for Laura, she and Dick will team up in a thrilling adventure sometime in the near future. And you'll also see more of "Rick Richards."*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT comics for two years, and I think it is one of the best comic magazines on the market. However, I think there could be some improvements.

Why not have Farr lose a game once in a while? After all, a team can't win every time. The art work, though, is excellent.

"Rick Richards," in my opinion, is a lot better than "Sergeant Spook."

In the January issue you show Eddie Bell and Jerry using rifles. It's my understanding that you must be at least sixteen to use a rifle. I didn't think Eddie and Jerry were that old.

A faithful reader,  
Carl Moore  
Hudson, N. Y.

*We have a story on the way, Carl, in which Farr loses the maneuvers to Holden. Eddie and Jerry are old enough to use rifles.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

It is just lately that I have discovered your magazine. I think it is swell, except for Krisko and Jasper. I really don't hate them, but couldn't

you make them more real and lively? My friends and I will appreciate it very much.

I especially enjoy your Q's and A's. My favorite characters are Edison Bell, Dick Cole, and the Fearless Fellers. Next come Sergeant Spook and Blue Bolt.

Thank you for publishing this swell comic book. Good luck and aloha.

A reader,

Takeko Shimokawa  
Kukaiau, Hawaii

*We're trying to put a little more punch into Krisko and Jasper, Takeko. They probably won't appear as often in the future, but when they do, we hope you'll like them better.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

First of all, congratulations on a good book. BLUE BOLT has always been one of my favorites. I've only one complaint. Where was Sergeant Spook in the February issue? On a vacation?

From Jim Bertin's letter, you'd think you were supposed to be astronomers. We all make mistakes.

Why not a full book on Dick Cole? If this is impossible, ditch Krisko and Jasper. Edison Bell is getting better every issue.

A perfectly satisfied reader,  
Jack Richardson  
Lackawanna, N. Y.

*Right you are, Jack. Spook and Jerry were on a vacation in February.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading BLUE BOLT for the first time. I enjoyed it very much. The stories I liked best were "Dick Cole" and "Sergeant Spook." I would like to see more of them. These stories are very thrilling and exciting.

I shall always read BLUE BOLT from now on.

A faithful reader,  
Rose Boodhansingh  
Catasauqua, Pa.

*Glad to have you with us, Rose.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.



# DICK COLE



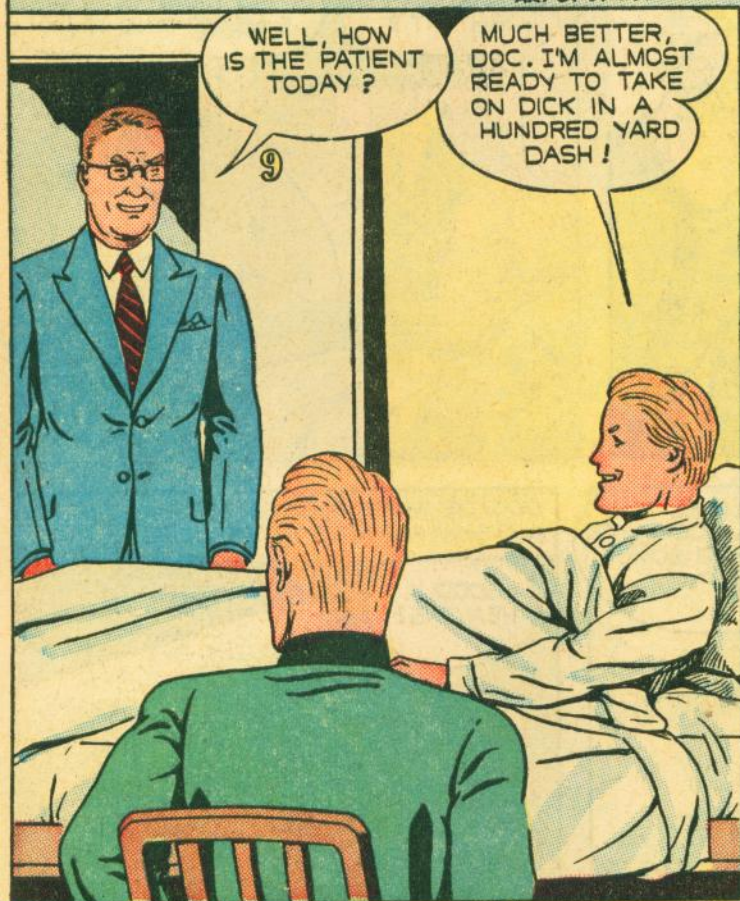
ART BY JIM WILCOX

**D**ICK IS VISITING SLIP'RY, LAID UP WITH A TOUCH OF FLU IN THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY INFIRMARY, WHEN DOCTOR WHITE ENTERS.

WELL, HOW IS THE PATIENT TODAY?

MUCH BETTER, DOC. I'M ALMOST READY TO TAKE ON DICK IN A HUNDRED YARD DASH!

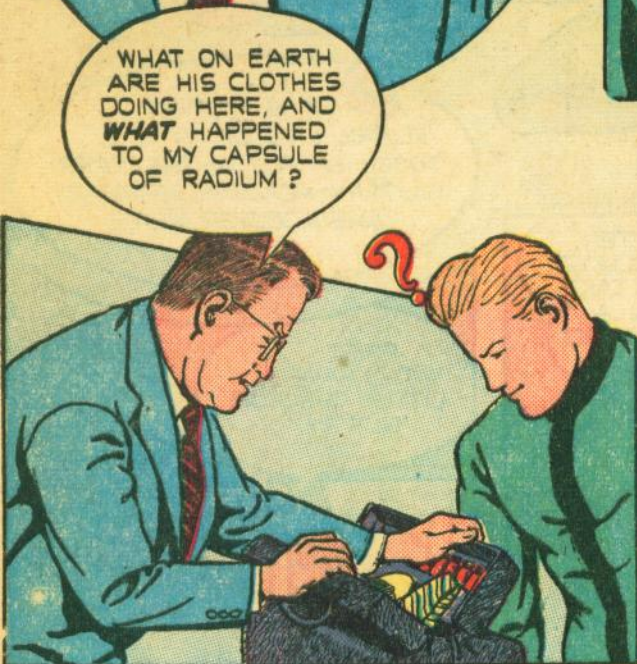
FIRST WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHECKUP, SLIP'RY.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Associate Editor  
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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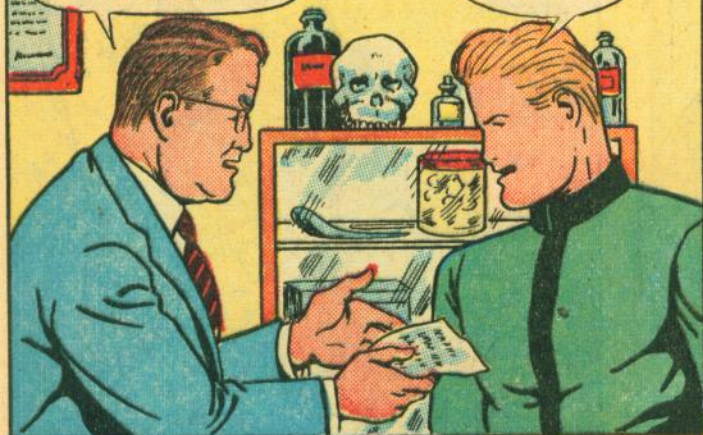




HOW AWFUL! WILLIE TOOK THE WRONG SATCHEL, THE ONE WITH THE RADIUM! HE'LL GET FATAL BURNS!

BUT, DOCTOR, ISN'T THE RADIUM IN A PROTECTIVE CASE?

CERTAINLY... BUT WILLIE IS TOO NOSY FOR HIS OWN GOOD! AS SOON AS HE DISCOVERS WHAT'S IN THE SATCHEL, HE'LL TAKE IT APART ...AND GET BURNED!

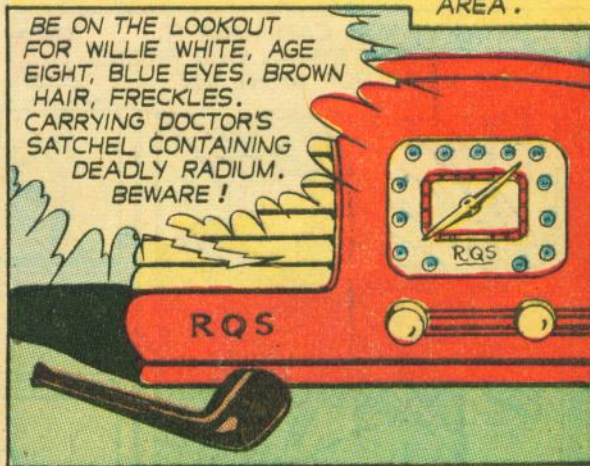


THEN WE'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM PRONTO! HELLO! GIVE ME THE POLICE! EMERGENCY!



SOON, THE POLICE AND STATE TROOPERS SPREAD THE ALARM OVER THE ENTIRE AREA.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR WILLIE WHITE, AGE EIGHT, BLUE EYES, BROWN HAIR, FRECKLES. CARRYING DOCTOR'S SATCHEL CONTAINING DEADLY RADIUM. BEWARE!



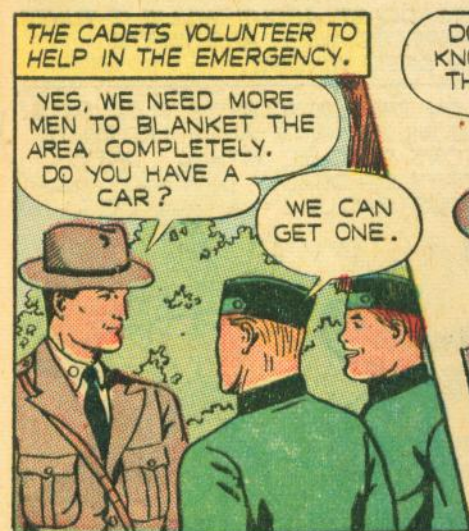
THE CADETS VOLUNTEER TO HELP IN THE EMERGENCY.

YES, WE NEED MORE MEN TO BLANKET THE AREA COMPLETELY. DO YOU HAVE A CAR?

WE CAN GET ONE.

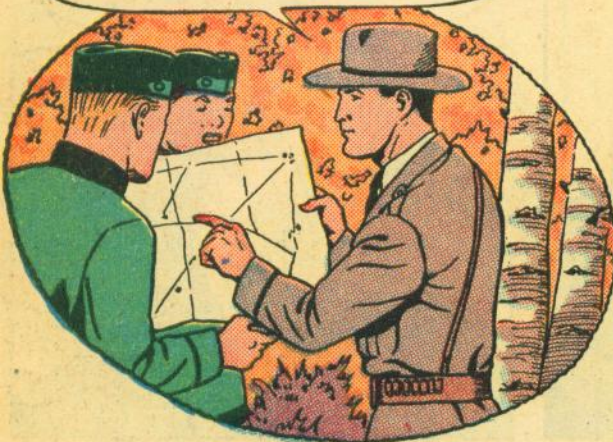
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?

IT LOOKS LIKE A GEIGER COUNTER.





TAKE A GEIGER COUNTER AND COVER THIS AREA. IF WILLIE'S HERE WITH THE RADIUM, THE COUNTER WILL LEAD YOU TO HIM. GOOD LUCK.



TAKING THE GEIGER COUNTER AND MAP, DICK AND TED TODLEY HURRY AWAY.

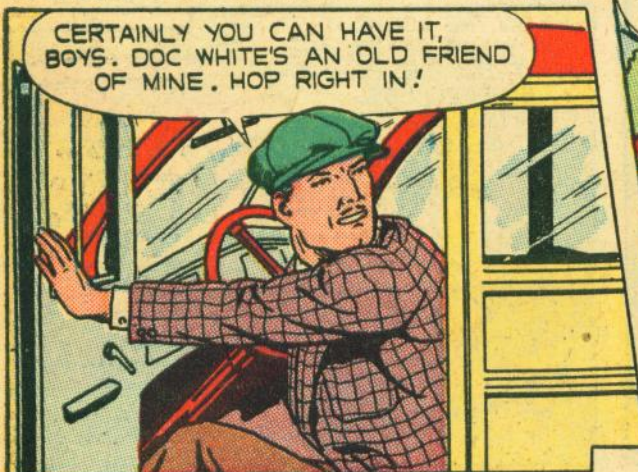
COACH BRADLY MAY LEND US HIS STATION WAGON, DICK.

LET'S GO!



BACK AT FARR, COACH BRADLY, LUCKILY, HAS JUST COME IN FROM THE GOLF COURSE.

CERTAINLY YOU CAN HAVE IT, BOYS. DOC WHITE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. HOP RIGHT IN!



HEY, DICK. COACH BRADLY LEFT HIS CLUBS IN THE CAR.

THEY'LL BE OKAY. WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW.



MEANWHILE, TWO HOBOES, PETE AND WAMPY, ARE BEING MARCHED OFF A WEST HOPETON FARM.

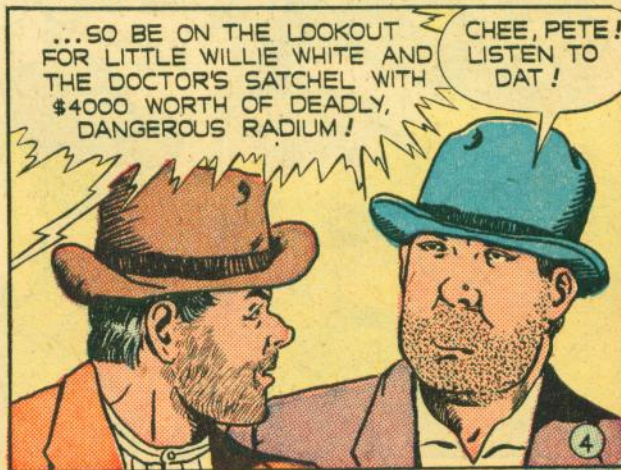
YOU CONSUME CHICKEN THIEVES! GIT OFF'N MY LAND!



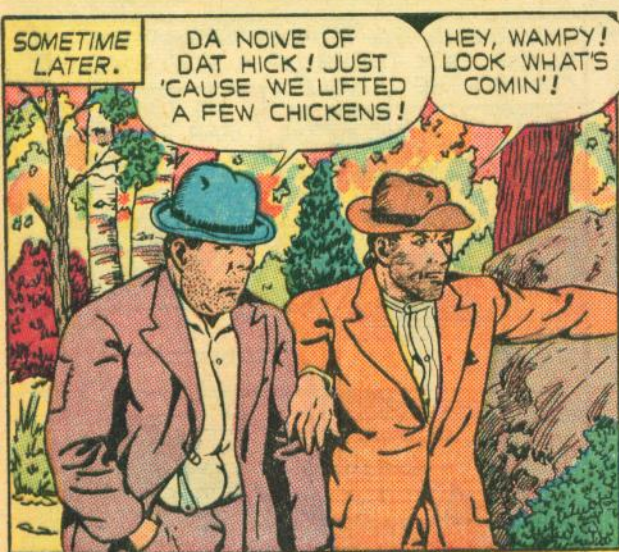
ANOTHER BROADCAST ABOUT WILLIE IS TUNED IN BY THE FARMER'S WIFE, AND WAFTS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW.

...SO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR LITTLE WILLIE WHITE AND THE DOCTOR'S SATCHEL WITH \$4000 WORTH OF DEADLY, DANGEROUS RADIUM!

CHEE, PETE! LISTEN TO DAT!









SOON, AT A NEAR-BY HOBO JUNGLE.

YUMMM!  
THAT'S GOOD!  
THIS IS THE  
LIFE!

YEAH! HOW ABOUT  
GOIN' WID US TO  
BIG CITY? IT'S A  
GOOD PLACE FOR  
A KID.

GOSH! I'D LOVE TO GO THERE  
WITH YOU! TWO HOBOES! THIS  
IS REAL ADVENTURE!

AT THAT MOMENT, ONLY A FEW HUNDRED  
YARDS AWAY.

DICK! LISTEN!  
WE'VE PICKED UP  
SOME RADIOACTIVE  
WAVES!

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-  
CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-

FOLLOWING THE RAPIDLY INCREASING  
CLICKS, DICK TURNS UP A SIDE ROAD  
TOWARD THE JUNGLE.

CLICK-  
CLICK-  
CLICK-

WE CAN'T BE  
FAR NOW! CALL  
TO WILLIE,  
TED!

WILLIE!  
WILLIE WHITE!  
COME HERE,  
WILLIE!

AW, SHUCKS!  
NOW I CAN'T  
GO TO BIG  
CITY!

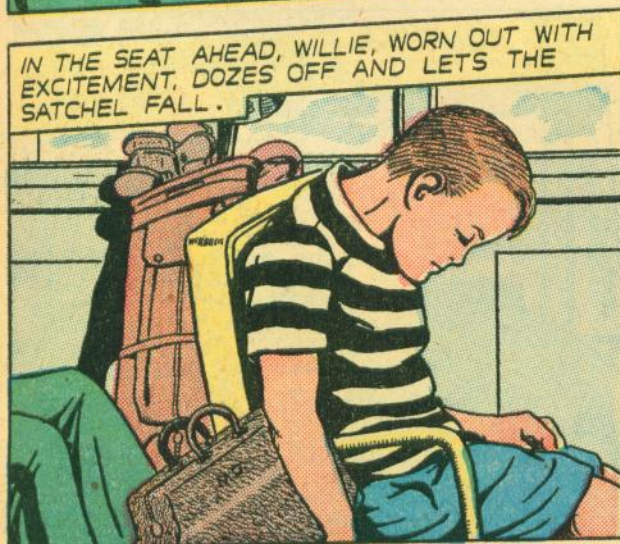
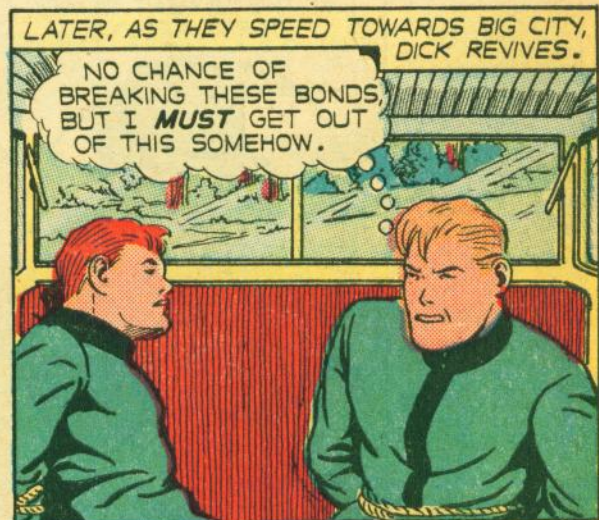
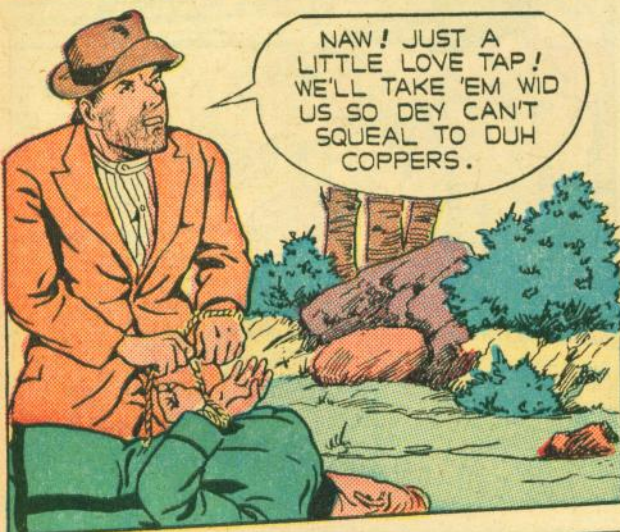
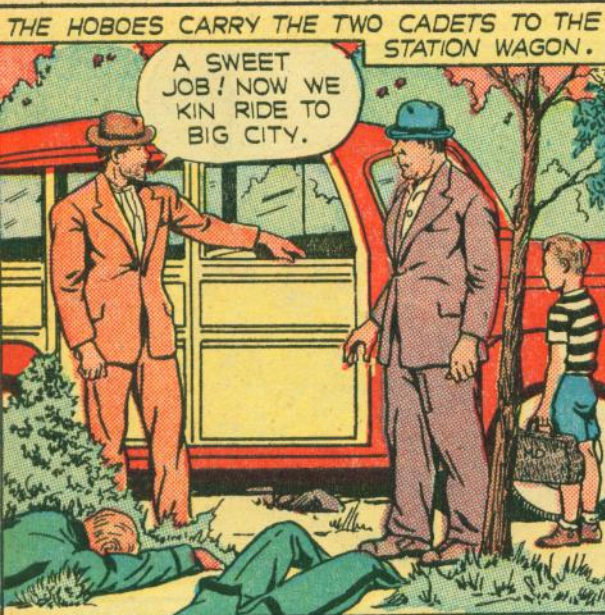
DON'T WORRY, KID. WE  
WON'T LET A PAL DOWN.  
COME ON, WAMPY! HERE  
COMES SOMEBODY  
THROUGH DA BUSHES!

THE UNSUSPECTING CADETS PUSH THROUGH  
THE HEAVY BRUSH.

COME ON, WILLIE!  
BE A SPORT! WE KNOW  
WHERE YOU ARE  
...OOOH!

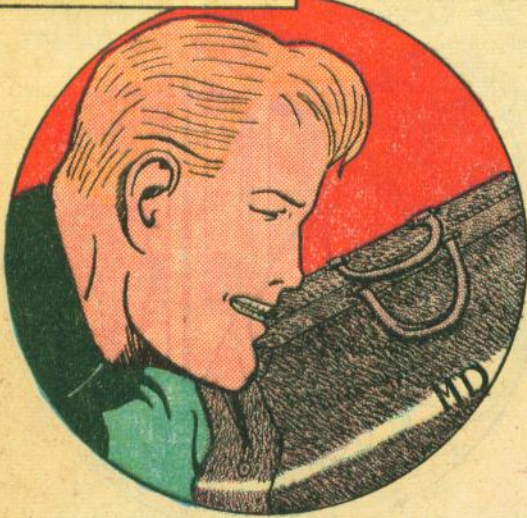
CRAC! ★  
POC! ★



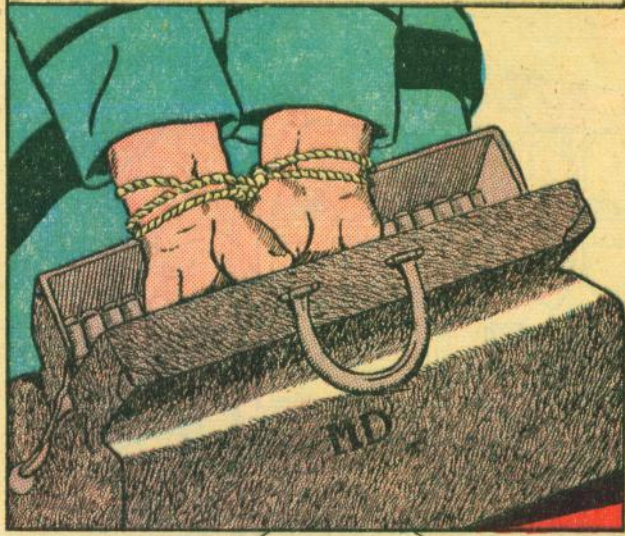




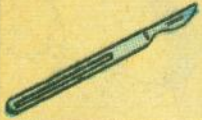
DROPPING TO THE FLOOR, DICK UNZIPS THE BAG WITH HIS TEETH!



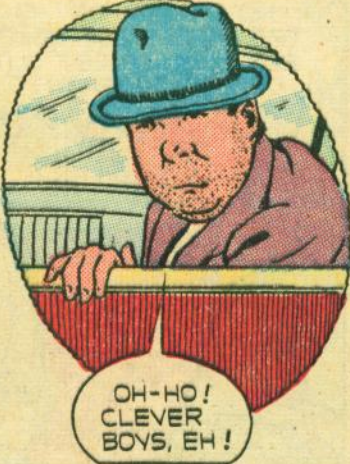
HE FUMBLES IN THE BAG FOR AN INSTRUMENT.



DICK FINALLY FINDS A SCALPEL AND AWKWARDLY SAWS TED'S BONDS. TED, FREE OF THE BONDS, REVIVES AND CUTS DICK LOOSE, BUT...



AT THIS MOMENT WAMPY TURNS AROUND.

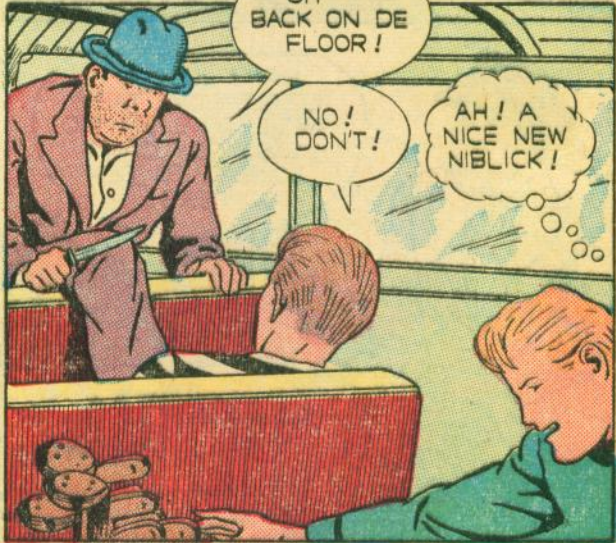


OH-HO! CLEVER BOYS, EH!

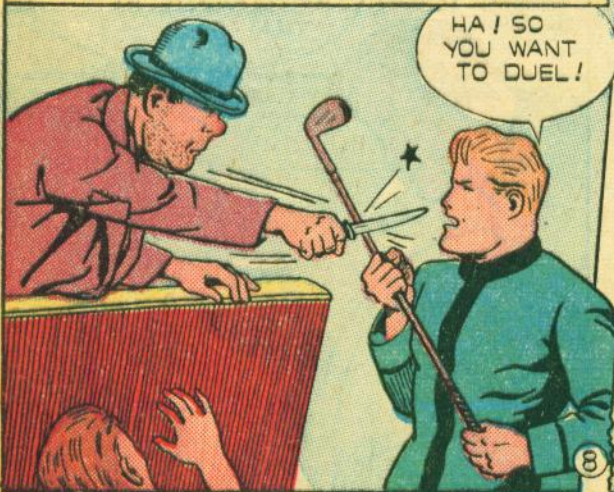
GIT BACK ON DE FLOOR!

NO! DON'T!

AH! A NICE NEW NIBLICK!

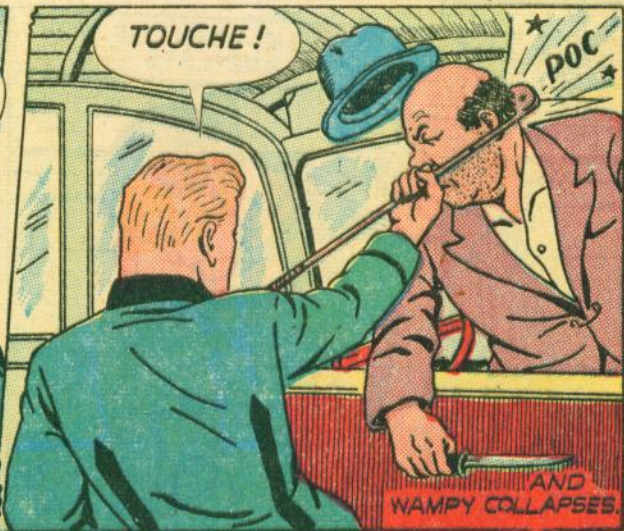


DICK PARRIES A VICIOUS LUNGE BY WAMPY.



TOUCHE!

POC



AND WAMPY COLLAPSES.

QUESTION No. 4. Is touche a golf term or a fencing term?



PETE BRINGS THE CAR TO AN ABRUPT STOP.

CRIPES!  
WOT GOES  
HERE!



AND PETE  
TAKES A  
HAND.

CUT IT OUT,  
OR I'LL BRAIN  
DUH BRAT!



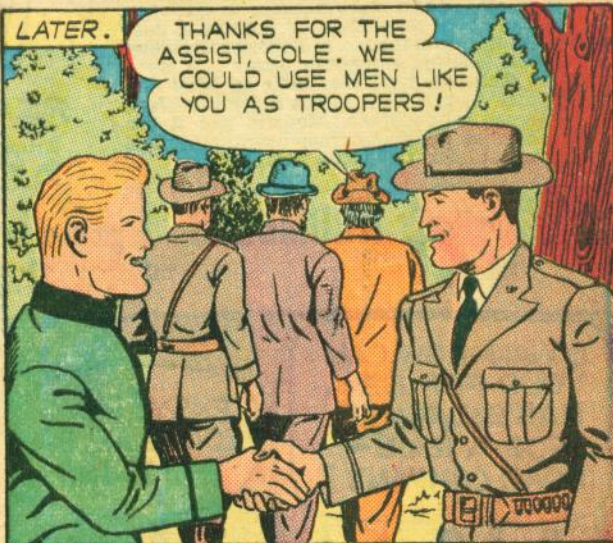
BUT DICK IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.

NOW WE'LL  
TAKE **YOU** FOR  
A RIDE!



LATER.

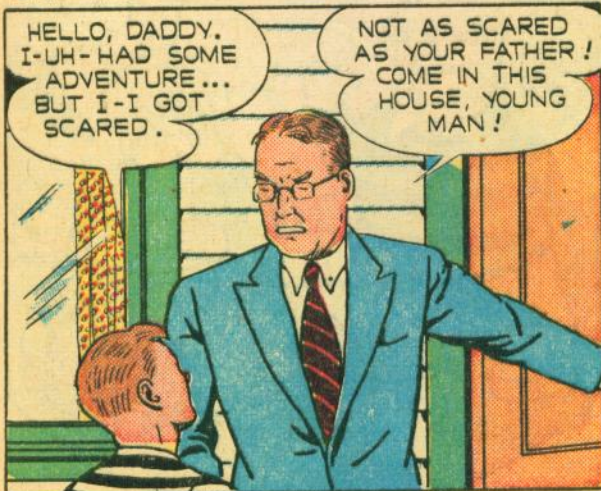
THANKS FOR THE  
ASSIST, COLE. WE  
COULD USE MEN LIKE  
YOU AS TROOPERS!



DICK AND TED ESCORT WILLIE TO HIS HOME.

HELLO, DADDY.  
I-UH-HAD SOME  
ADVENTURE...  
BUT I-I GOT  
SCARED.

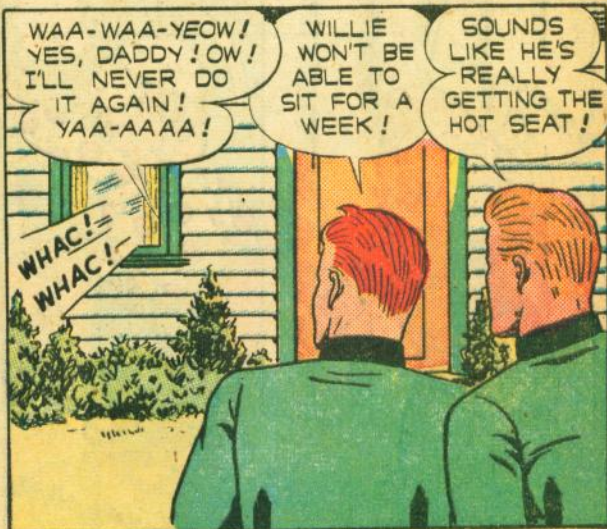
NOT AS SCARED  
AS YOUR FATHER!  
COME IN THIS  
HOUSE, YOUNG  
MAN!



WAA-WAA-YEOW!  
YES, DADDY! OW!  
I'LL NEVER DO  
IT AGAIN!  
YAA-AAAA!

WILLIE  
WON'T BE  
ABLE TO  
SIT FOR A  
WEEK!

SOUNDS  
LIKE HE'S  
REALLY  
GETTING THE  
HOT SEAT!





# START COLLECTING THESE NIFTY BIRD PICTURES *NOW!*

WANT TO SWAP?

I'LL GIVE YOU  
A ROBIN FOR A  
WOODPECKER!



Be the first on your street to start collecting these prizes—beautiful, colorful, 2 7/8 x 4 1/2 inch bird pictures by a famous American illustrator. Twenty-four in all—one in every package of Kellogg's Krumbles! No waiting... nothing to mail in. Just open the box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize!

Kellogg's Krumbles taste so crisp and malty you'll want to eat it for breakfast, lunch, and supper. Mothers like it too because it's made from nutritious whole wheat. Ask for a box today!



**P.S.** If you want an album to paste your pictures in, see side panel of Krumbles package for instructions on how to get one.



## Kellogg's KRUMBLES — a picture in every package

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY KELLOGG CO.

G'WAN—HOW CAN  
YOUR POP BE A  
HABERDASHER  
FOR A RAIL-  
ROAD COMPANY?

EASY! HE  
LOOKS AFTER  
THE TIES!!



WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF MY  
VOICE, HUH?

PHOOIE!!

WELL, BING CROSBY  
HAS SOME VOICE,  
BUT YOURS IS  
BETTER STILL!!

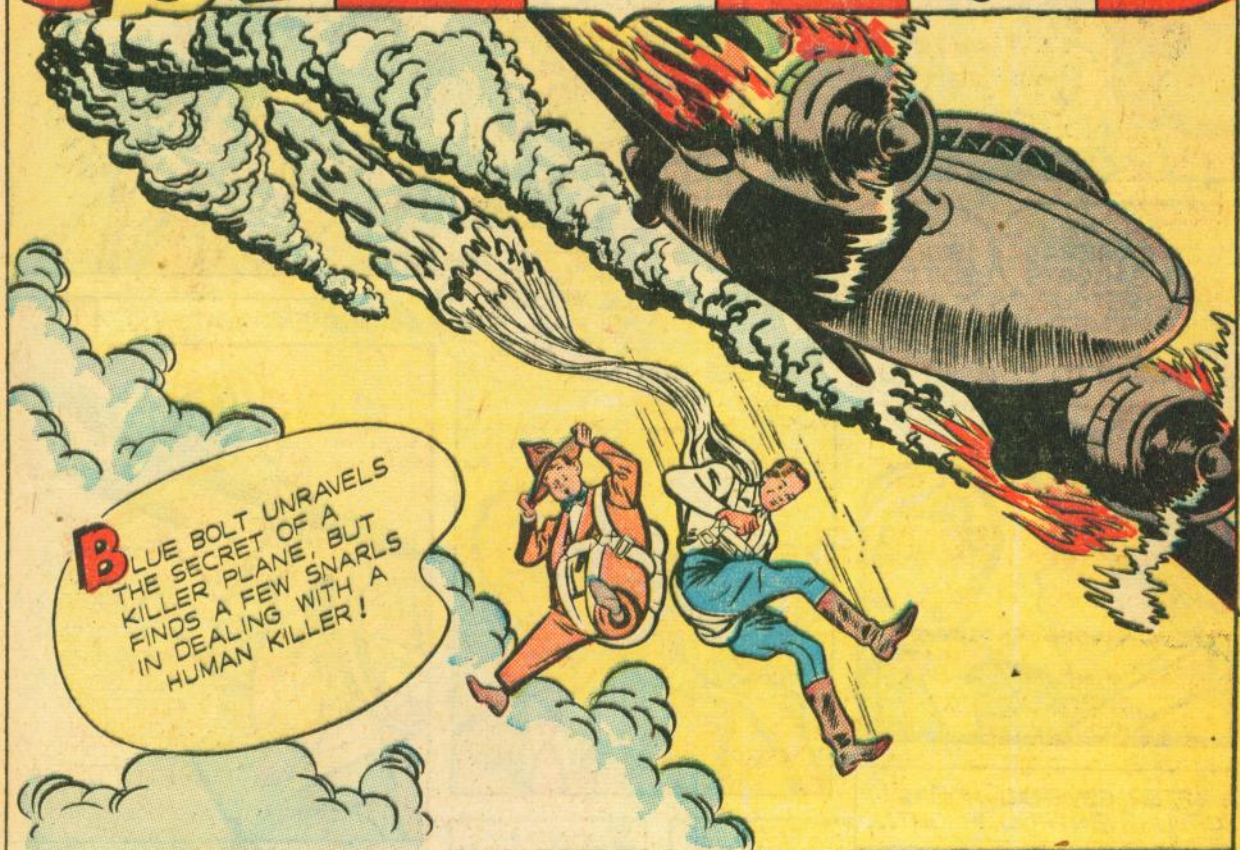


BLUE BOLT



# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



**B** BLUE BOLT UNRAVELS THE SECRET OF A KILLER PLANE, BUT FINDS A FEW SNARLS IN DEALING WITH A HUMAN KILLER!

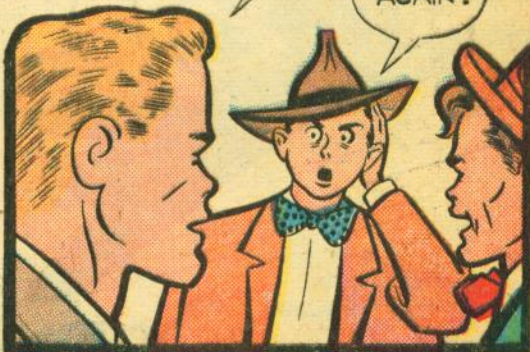
REPORTERS MOB BLUE BOLT BEFORE HE TAKES OFF IN A GIANT "SKIPPER" TRANSPORT.

DON'T YOU LIKE LIVING, BOLT? THESE SKIPPERS ARE DEATH TRAPS! THEY'VE BEEN DROPPING LIKE FLIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!



OH, WE'RE JUST OUT FOR FUN. I'M EXPERIMENTING WITH SOME DIVES THAT WILL BOUNCE SNAP AGAINST THE CEILING!

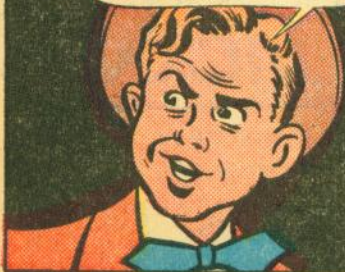
NOT AGAIN!



BLUE BOLT



QUIT KIDDING, BLUE BOLT. I HEARD ALL SKIPPERS WERE GROUNDED...AND THEY OUGHTA BE! YOU TWO ARE COMMITTING SUICIDE! WHY?



YEAH, WE GOT CAMERAS AND GADGETS ALL SET UP. WHEN SOMETHING SNAFUS WE'LL RECORD IT.

IT'S STILL SUICIDE! WHAT ELSE IS IN IT FOR YOU?



JUST A DARN GOOD YARN FOR *GLIMPSES*, THE PICTURE MAG. FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE!



NO ONE COULD FIND THE CAUSE OF THESE CRASHES BECAUSE THE PLANES ALWAYS BURNED TO A CRISP...BUT WE AIM TO GET THE EVIDENCE AND BAIL OUT WITH IT!



A MOMENT LATER...



SO LONG, CHUMPS! I'M AFRAID THIS INTERVIEW WILL GO INTO THE OBIT COLUMN!

AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT...



HO HUM! LOOKS LIKE WE PICKED A DUD, BOLT! SHE RUNS PERFECT!

SUDDENLY...



WHAT'S THAT NOISE! SNIFF! SOMETHING IS BURNING!

FZZZ! CRACKLE! FZZZ!

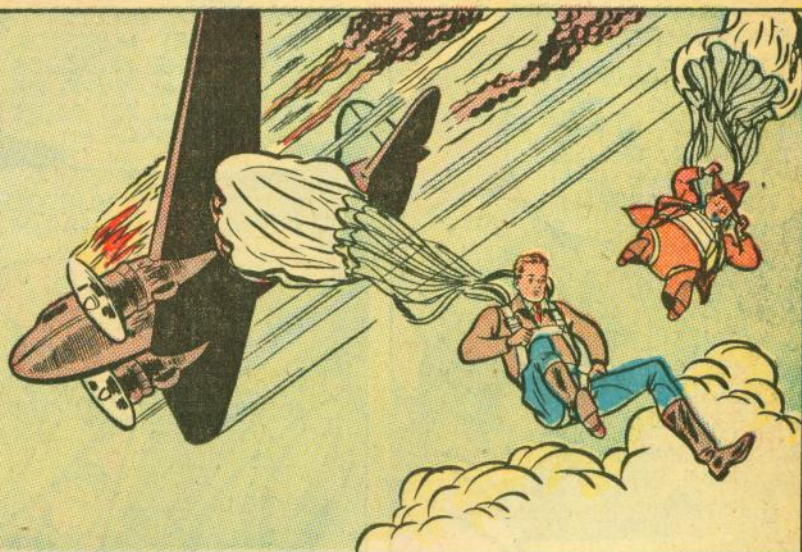


IT'S THE MURDOCK  
ELECTRICAL CONNECTION!  
FILM IT, SNAP!

IN A SPLIT-SECOND, FLAMES ARE EATING AT  
THE PLANE!

YIPE! I'VE GOT  
IT! LET'S SCRAM  
BEFORE IT GETS  
US!

NOT A CHANCE  
TO SAVE THE  
PLANE. BAIL  
OUT, SNAP!



THE FLAMING PLANE PLUMMETS INTO A LAKE!

ULP! I'M  
SURE GLAD  
I MISSED  
THAT!

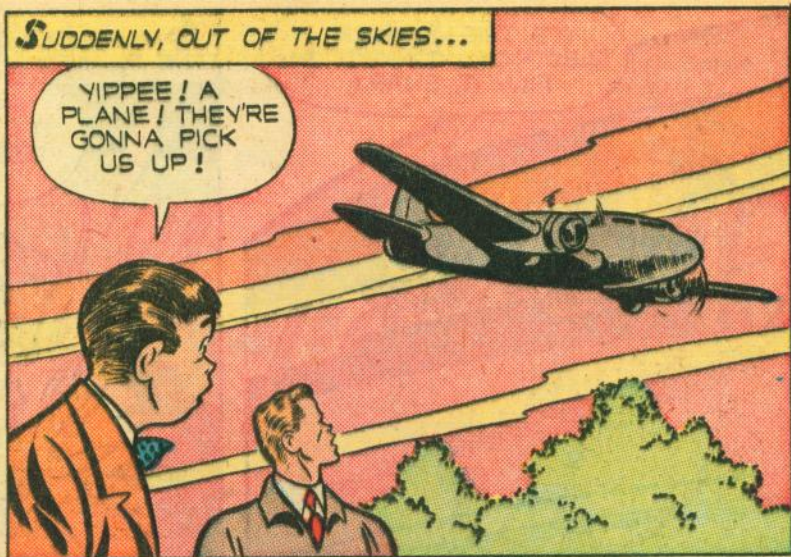
WE'RE DRIFTING  
TOWARD LAND,  
FORTUNATELY!

SOON...

GEE! WE'RE  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF NOWHERE!  
IT'S A DAY'S  
HIKE TO THE  
NEAREST  
TOWN!

YES, BUT  
YOUR FILMS  
TELL THE  
WHOLE STORY  
OF THE FATAL  
DEFECT IN  
SKIPPER  
SHIPS!







I DON'T INTEND TO HAVE MY LIFE WORK SMASHED! MEN! GRAB THESE TWO!



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE BALKY!



GOOD WORK!

WHACK!



TOSS THEM INTO THE LAKE BESIDE THE CRASHED PLANE. POLICE WILL ASSUME THEY DIED IN THE CRASH!

THINGS ARE GETTING MIGHTY HOT..



BLUE BOLT GRABS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

BUT THIS MAY COOL THINGS OFF!

COME ALONG.. UGH!



HALP! I CAN'T SEE!

STEP ASIDE, PAL! I'LL FLY THIS HEAP!



Yes. There are several varieties of tropical sea birds called boobies.

ANSWER No. 6.



**BLUE BOLT TAKES OVER!**

TAKE IT EASY,  
LADS! IF ANYONE  
GETS TOO GAY...  
WE ALL CRASH!

**MURDOCK'S INSANE RAGE OVERCOMES HIS  
COMMON SENSE!**

I'LL  
KILL  
HIM!

BOLT!  
LOOK  
OUT!

YEOW! NO TIME  
TO PLAY PAT-A-CAKE  
WITH MURDOCK...I'LL  
GIVE HIM THE "SNAP  
DOODLE DIVE"...  
BUT GOOD!

IT WORKED! TOSSED  
'EM AT THE CEILING  
LIKE A BUNCH OF  
TENNIS BALLS...BUT  
THEY WON'T BOUNCE!

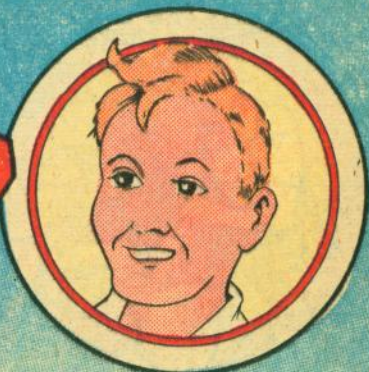
**LATER...**

AND WE WERE  
ALL KAYOED BY  
BLUE BOLT'S STUNT!  
BUT I DON'T CARE  
IF MY HEAD ACHES.  
I JUST WANT TO  
SEE THESE CLUCKS  
IN THE CLINK!

AND YOU GOT  
DATA THAT WILL  
MAKE THE  
SKIPPER'S INTO  
SAFE PLANES? YOU  
GUYS SURE MADE  
A SAP OUTTA ME  
...BUT I'M GLAD  
OF IT!



# Edison Bell



EDISON BELL AND HIS FRIEND JERRY ARE IMPRESSED BY A MOVIE TRAVELOGUE OF CANOEING IN THE CANADIAN WILDS.

SOME TRIP, EDDIE!

THAT'S FOR US!

LATER.

THAT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA!

I'LL BET IT'S A CANOE TRIP!

The END

THE CANOE TRIP'S OKAY, BOYS—BUT A CANOE IS PRETTY HEAVY TO PORTAGE.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FATHER. I CAN WORK IT OUT....

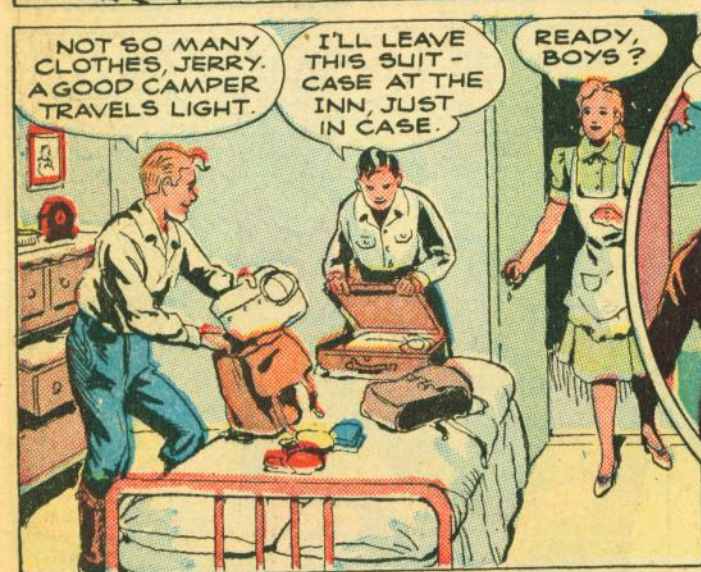
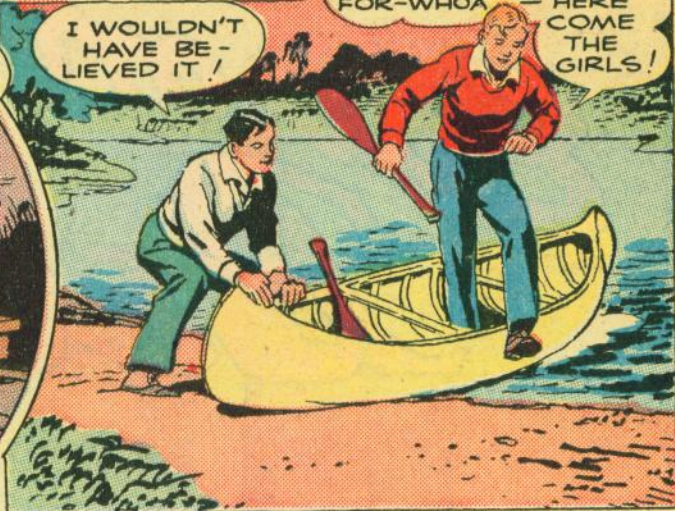
YOU'RE TOO MYSTERIOUS—TELL ME WHAT YOU MEAN.



THE BOYS START BUILDING THE CANOE.

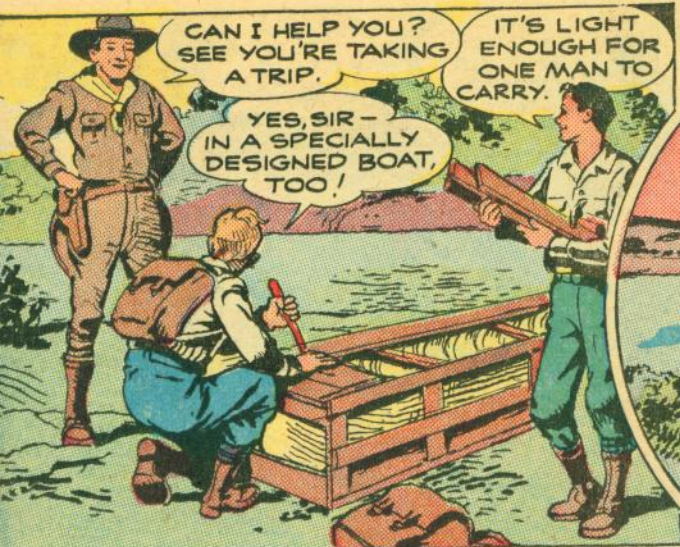


THE NEXT WEEK...



**QUESTION** No. 7. What have these articles in common: rucksack, knapsack, haversack?

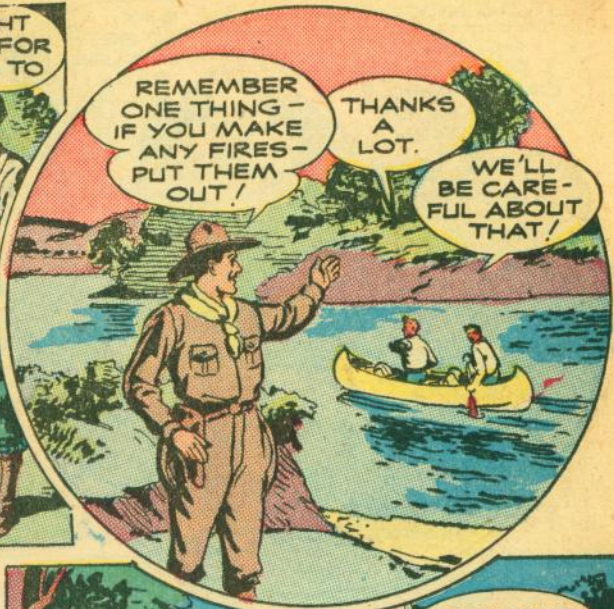




CAN I HELP YOU? SEE YOU'RE TAKING A TRIP.

IT'S LIGHT ENOUGH FOR ONE MAN TO CARRY.

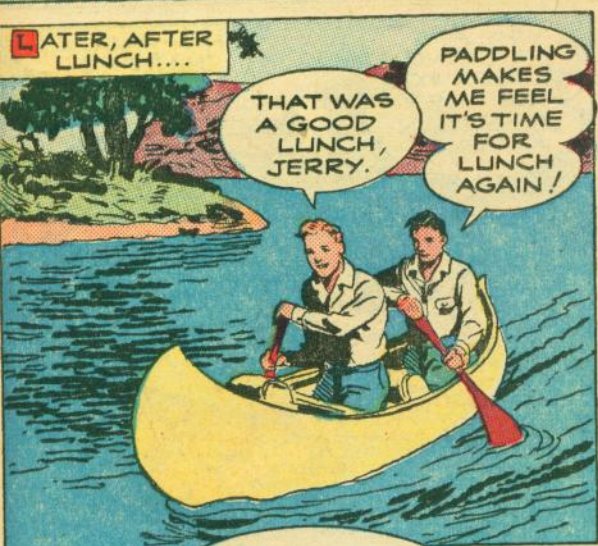
YES, SIR - IN A SPECIALLY DESIGNED BOAT, TOO!



REMEMBER ONE THING - IF YOU MAKE ANY FIRES - PUT THEM OUT!

THANKS A LOT.

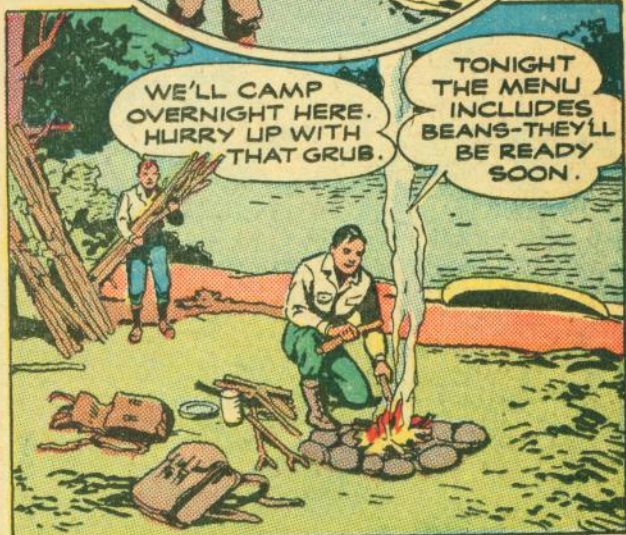
WE'LL BE CAREFUL ABOUT THAT!



LATER, AFTER LUNCH....

THAT WAS A GOOD LUNCH, JERRY.

PADDLING MAKES ME FEEL IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH AGAIN!



WE'LL CAMP OVERNIGHT HERE. HURRY UP WITH THAT GRUB.

TONIGHT THE MENU INCLUDES BEANS-THEY'LL BE READY SOON.



TIME TO TURN IN. BE SURE THAT FIRE IS OUT.

THIS IS THE LIFE!



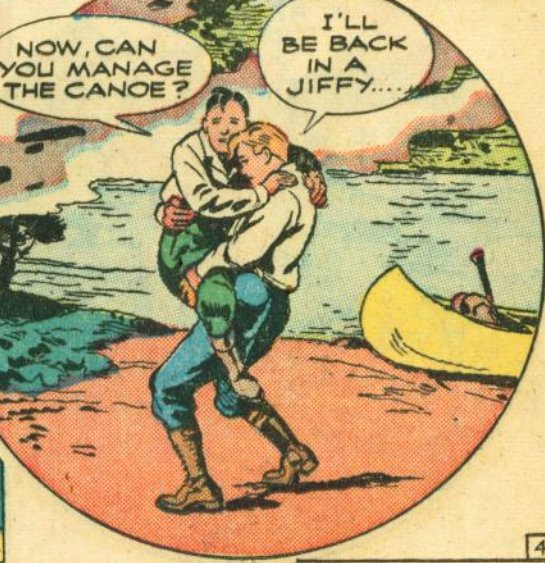
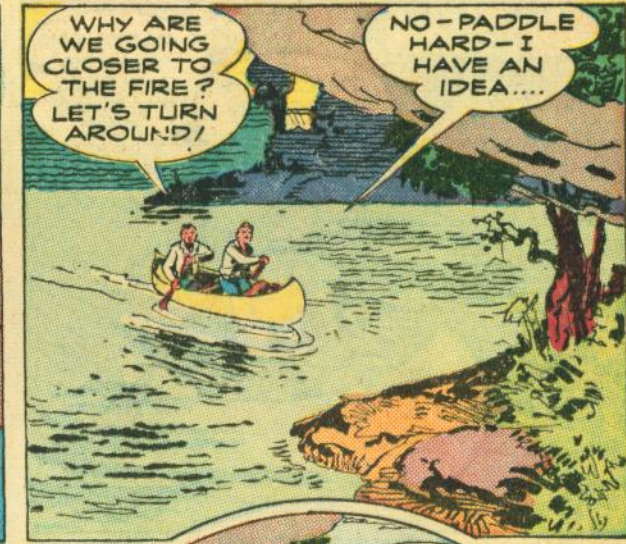
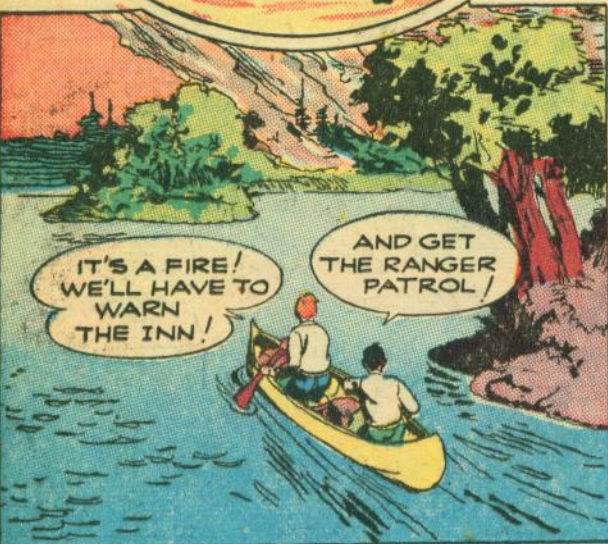
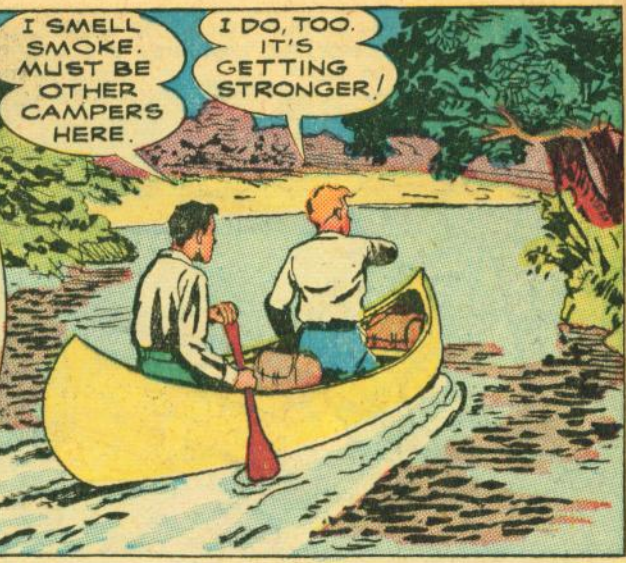
WHO-O-O-O

IT'S A WILDCAT!

COME BACK, CRAZY - IT'S ONLY AN OWL!



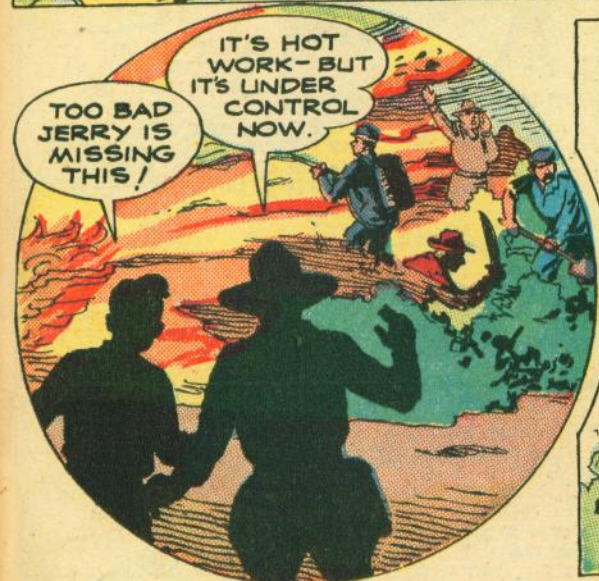
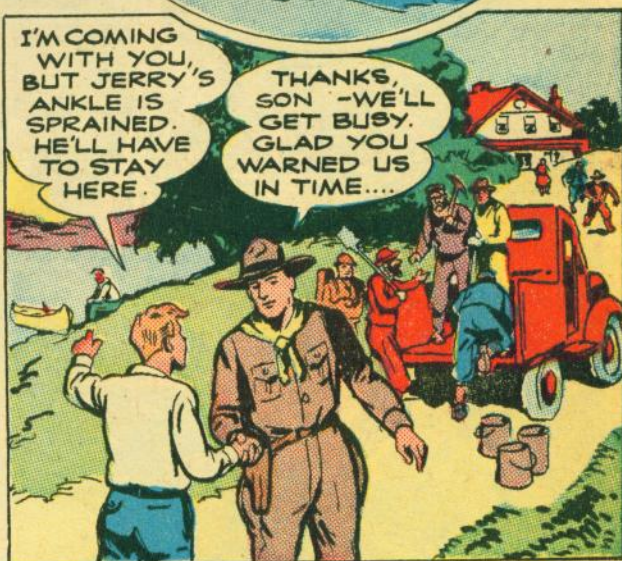
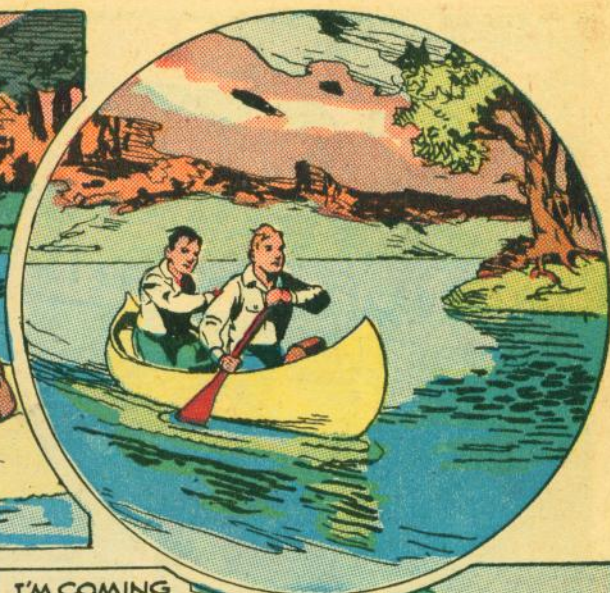
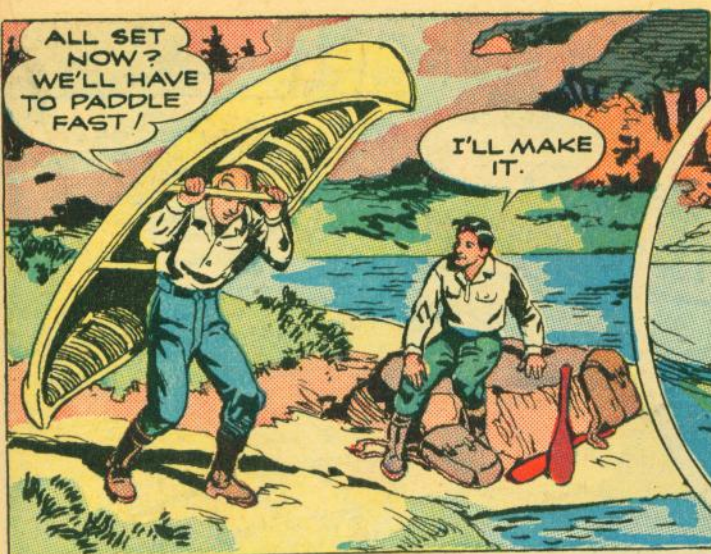
**B**UT, THE NEXT MORNING.



**B**UT THE BOYS PREPARE TO MAKE A PORTAGE....

**Q**UESTION No. 8. Can you find a skillet on this page?



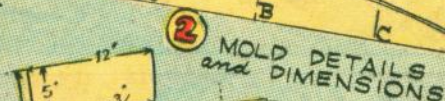
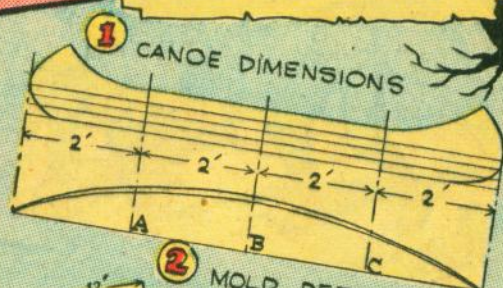




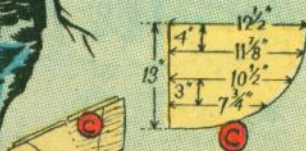
# BUILD THIS MIDGET CANOE

## FOR YEAR-ROUND CAMPING TRIPS....

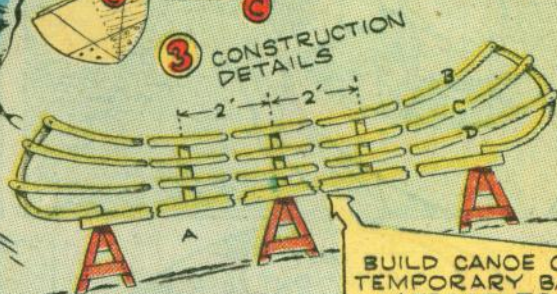
THIS CANOE WILL SEAT ONE MAN WITH CAMPING EQUIPMENT and WILL TAKE ALL THE PUNISHMENT A BIGGER ONE ABSORBS and ITS EASIER TO CARRY!



USE 1" SCRAP FOR MOLDS



THESE MOLDS ARE ONLY TEMPORARY...



BUILD CANOE ON TEMPORARY BASE and TRESTLES (A)

\*CURVED ENDS MADE OF GREEN ELM... 32" LONG, 1 1/4" WIDE, AND 1" THICK...

BOTTOM STRIP SCREWED DOWN LIKE THIS

ATTACH SEAT OR SEATS IN THIS WAY



END PIECES ADDED LAST



COVER RIBS WITH EXTRA HEAVY CANVAS... FASTEN CANVAS TO THE BOTTOM STRIP and SMOOTH IT AROUND TO THE GUNWALES WITH COPPER TACKS... COAT WITH POWDERED GLUE (MELTED) and PAINT... FINALLY, ADD KEEL STRIP.

FORE and AFT ARRANGEMENT OF GUNWALES... MAKE GUNWALES AT LEAST 10 FEET LONG AND TRIM TO FIT...

ATTACH ALL RIBS LIKE THIS WITH 1" GALVANIZED BRADS. RIBS ARE OF STRIPS OF ELM 1 1/2" WIDE, 3/8" THICK, and LONG ENOUGH TO REACH FROM GUNWALE TO GUNWALE AFTER THE BEND IS MADE...

WHEN RIBS ARE IN, REMOVE MOLDS and PIECES C and D IN (CONSTRUCTION DETAILS) 2



ne. "God is flock. out the al. "It natural "It is sex in- ytical ge is t his t to was one the

awarded to the only Purple Heart Cross girl and has just been given the Medal of Freedom part in the East. citation

Price \$122.50  
In Can...

W A ... head for 1325

... like a bird ... and coal bin ... the Fourth Ave. station ... gang boasted they made about \$500 a holdup in their three weeks raids on race track thr and bookies. Their bookmak victims were afraid to complai to police ... fear of drawing at tention to themselves and thus proved "easy pickings."

**SCOOPEd**

... duty won her the admiration and respect of the entire divi- Sylvia was under enemy lery fire for weat

... standards of moral conduct and devotion to duty won her the admiration and respect of the entire divi- ... these acknow- dustry complaints pricing de- lays are blocking shipment of owned goods.

she could have. rear: she

**CATMAN CAPTURED**

Charges of felonious assault, robbery and violation of the Sullivan Law. They will - lineu

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**P**AUL Blanchard had found the way to make crime pay — double! City reporter for the "News-Ledger," he sat reading his latest story on the exploits of the mysterious burglar, the Catman. He had scooped them again! If only the fools knew how thoroughly, for reporter Paul Blanchard and the Catman were the same person!

It was almost too easy, the way his position enabled him to play both ends against the middle. The robberies in themselves were extremely profitable, while his stories of them had earned him several salary increases from the editor. He laughed when he thought how often he had been commended for the accuracy of his reports. That was funny! Who should be better acquainted with the details of a crime than the man who had committed it? And why shouldn't he scoop the other papers? Heck, after living the theft, it was simple to write it up quickly.

He glanced hastily at his watch. Say, it was getting late. Time for him to get busy if he was going to pull

a job tonight. But wait! Let the police serve him as they always did, the fools! He smirked, as he dialed headquarters, at the inequality of their matching wits with him.

"Inspector Dolan?" he purred into the phone. "This is Blanchard of the News-Ledger. What have you got figured on the Catman for tonight? North Side, eh? Yeah, sounds like a good idea. He hasn't been up that way in a long time. Thanks, Dolan . . . and I do mean thanks," he muttered gently, as he hung up the receiver.

Poor, trusting Dolan! He and his precious police force would comb the North Side in vain tonight. The Catman would not be within miles of it! Sure, this was the ideal night to knock over the Meade mansion on the West Side! Oh, he'd get back to the North Side all right — some night, when the obliging Dolan was looking elsewhere for him.

Concealed by the shadows, Blanchard hugged the wall of a West Side alley and waited—waited for the light to go off in the ancient

monstrosity of a house across the street. It was really an ugly place for so exclusive a section, but Blanchard knew his loot would be rich and easy to get. This was the home of the eccentric old millionaire, Dan Meade. Meade was a peculiar old creature, long since retired from any business activity, and living alone in his garish old house, with merely memories and money.

Blanchard shivered in the dampness of the night, then cheered himself with a thought. It would be an unpleasant night for Dolan and his boys, too. And not nearly so profitable! But would that old fool Meade never go to bed? What was he doing up so late, anyhow? Probably counting his money. Well, after tonight, he wouldn't have so much to count. That was certain.

Ah, there it was! The single light had been snapped off and the weather-beaten old house was even uglier in its total darkness. Blanchard thrilled with a dual professional interest as he crept toward it. This would make both a good rob-



bery and story, likely his biggest haul and yarn at the same time. He'd clean up in cash and also paint a wonderful word picture of the eerie mansion.

The ancient window creaked in protest against his jimmy and he paused, breathing hard. Had old Meade heard? No, all was quiet within. Good! He swung up easily into the room.

Once inside, it was difficult not to gloat. He didn't even need a flashlight. The moon streamed through the window and revealed Meade's safe plainly. Better than that, the safe was of the oldest type imaginable and would yield easily to one as skillful as Blanchard.

Practiced ears listened carefully for the combination as he twisted the dials. There it was! The safe groaned on aged hinges and reluctantly opened to reveal its contents. Such contents! He was rich! Even his wildest dreams had not pictured such a catch as this! Great piles of money, packed in helter-skelter fashion, told him this was, by far, his biggest job.

Absorbed, he failed to hear steps slithering slowly toward him. Slowly and carefully they approached, until a wild cackle broke the silence.

"Get 'em up, Catman! Old Dan Meade's too sly for you! I knew you'd call on

me sooner or later, and I've been waiting for you! Hee! Hee! Just watching and waiting! No—no—not now—oooh!"

Blanchard's shot rang like thunder in the quiet room, and he leaped quickly to one side, expecting retaliation. None came, though—none would ever come from old Dan Meade, lying dead, face down, in the stream of moonlight.

Quickly now! Must be quick! The neighbors must have heard the shot and would call the police. Grab the money and duck across the street into the alley and wait. Wait for the police? Certainly, this was no ordinary crook. This was Blanchard, the Catman.

He waited in the alley and thought of the enormity of his story. It was really big now! Old Dan Meade dead—murdered by the Catman—and he, Paul Blanchard, had an exclusive! Another raise and bonus beckoned! He composed the details of his report as he waited.

The police! He fought back a shiver of fright as he listened to the rapidly approaching sirens. Why be alarmed? They had nothing on him! Look at the fools leap out of the cars, Dolan in the lead. Some chance they had of catching the Catman! He was too clever for a hundred Dolans.

He was casual as he join-

ed the policemen inside the house, and a swagger was discernible as he approached Dolan.

"Catman again?" he asked the Inspector.

"Oh, hello, Blanchard. Yup, it's his work, all right." Dolan sighed and pointed to Meade's body. "Even worse than usual this time. "He left a body behind him."

"Gee, that's too bad. Makes it tough on you fellows," Blanchard said, oozing false sympathy. "Mind if I use the phone, Dolan? Gives me a scoop if I get the jump on the other boys, you know. Thanks, Inspector. You're a pal. Hello, City Desk? This is Blanchard. Get this: Catman strikes again! Murder this time! He shot old Dan Meade to death! How's that for a yarn? Some scoop, eh?"

As he hung up, he was startled to see Dolan and the other officers with their revolvers trained on him. They must be joking! They couldn't know—they couldn't!

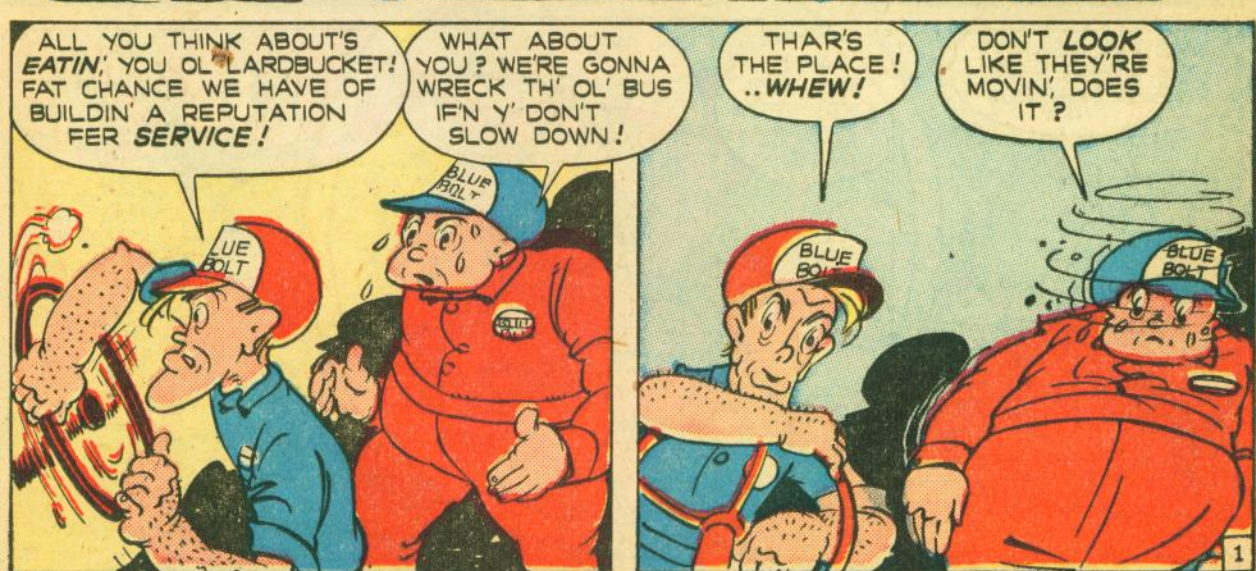
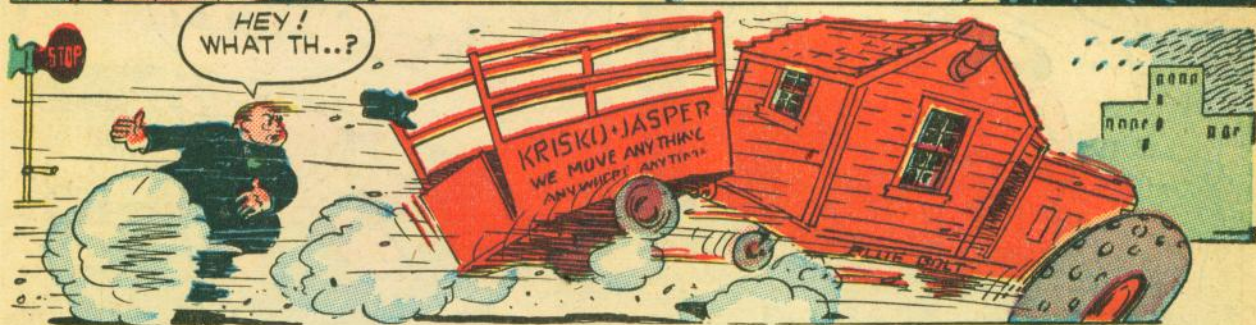
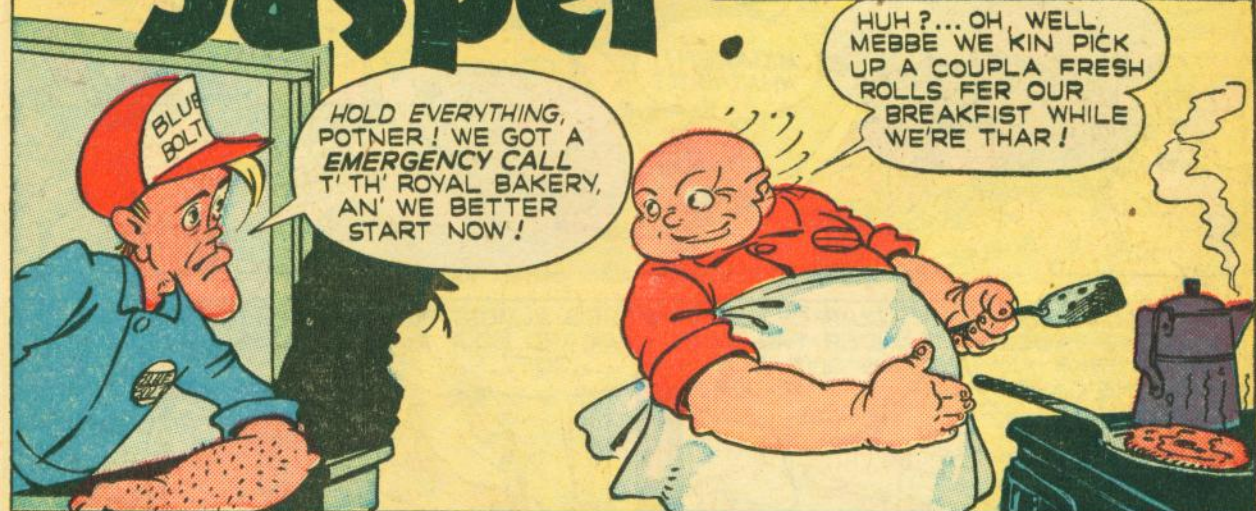
"Looks like the scoop's on you this time, Blanchard," Dolan snarled. "Dan Meade wasn't shot—he died of a heart attack. Only the Catman knew there was a shot fired—we found it in the wall, and we've also found the Catman—you!"

THE END

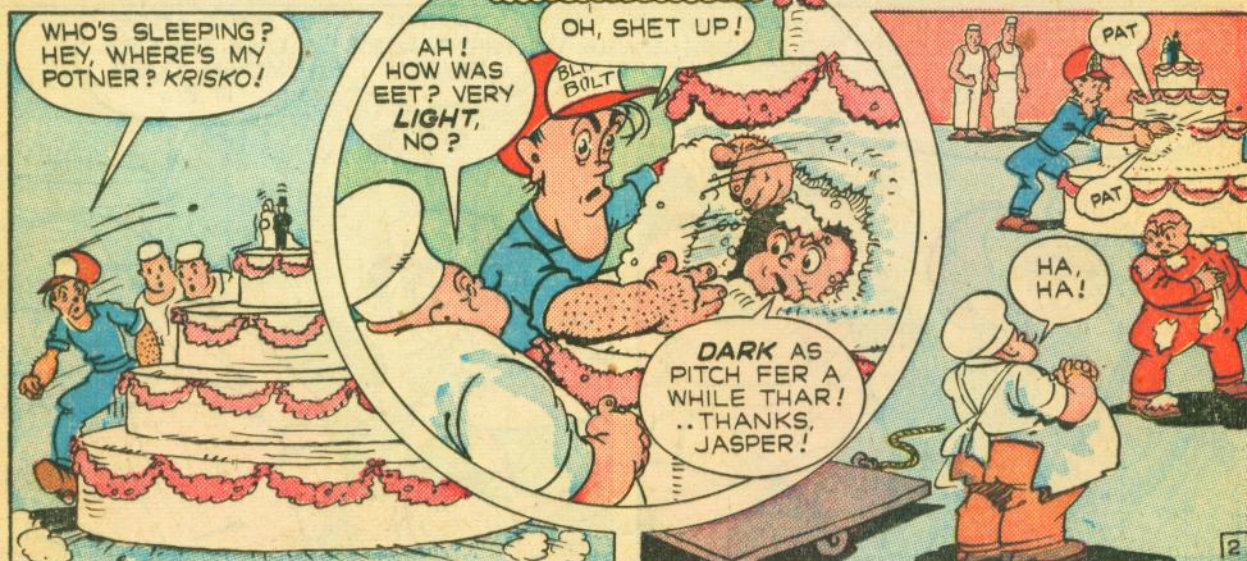


# Krisko and Jasper

IT'S JUST A QUIET SATURDAY MORNING ABOARD THE KRISKO AND JASPER MOVING VAN, TILL BUSINESS INTERFERES! BUT WHY SHOULD A BAKERY WANT MOVING MEN?...WELL, MAYBE THEY HEARD OF THE BOYS' FAMOUS SLOGAN ...'WE MOVE ANYTHING ANYWHERE' ... BUT THE BOYS'RE ALMOST READY TO SCRAP THE SLOGAN BEFORE THIS DAY'S JOB IS DONE!









BUT FINALLY... BY SHEER DINT... THE CONCOCTION BOARDS THE VAN!



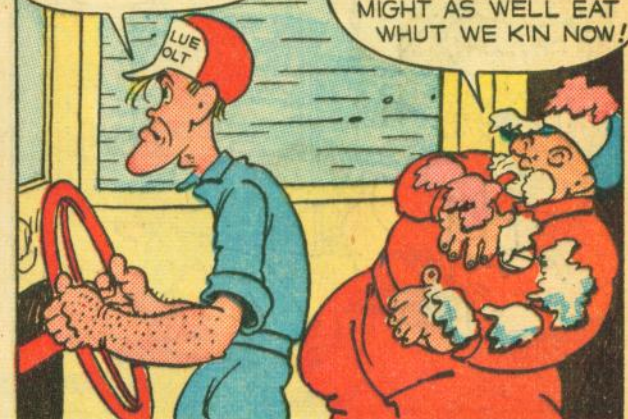
ZAT'S FINE!!  
NOW SPEED TO ZE  
WEDDING PARTY!  
ZEY PAY YOU WHEN  
YOU ARRIVE.

THAT'S GOT  
'ER! NOW WE'RE  
ALL **SET!**

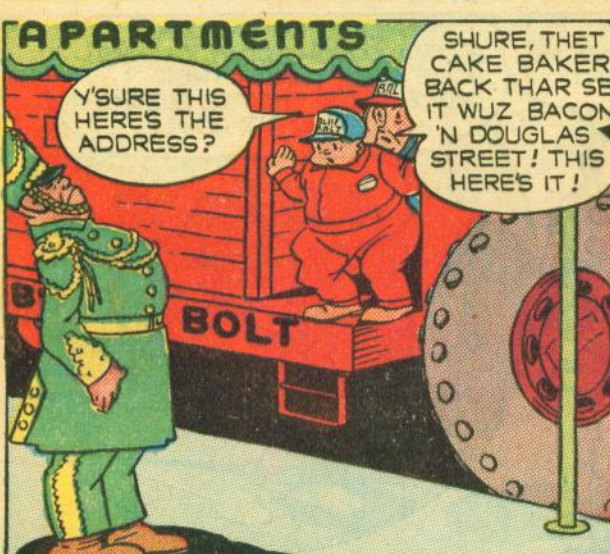
ALL **STUCK**,  
YOU MEAN!

SQUISH

IF YOU AIN'T DISGUSTIN'!  
YOU'RE GONNA MAKE YER-  
SELF SO SICK, Y' CAIN'T  
EVEN HELP ME  
UNLOAD!



YOU'RE JUST  
OPTIMISTICK IF'N  
YOU THINK ANY-  
BODY'S GONNA WANT  
THAT THAR CAKE...  
MIGHT AS WELL EAT  
WHUT WE KIN NOW!



**APARTMENTS**

Y'SURE THIS  
HERE'S THE  
ADDRESS?

SHURE, THET  
CAKE BAKER  
BACK THAR SED  
IT WUZ BACON  
'N DOUGLAS  
STREET! THIS  
HERE'S IT!

SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH BEARS KRISKO UP  
AND... BOLDLY HE STAGGERS FORWARD!



GOT HER?

YEH...WHOEVER SED  
THIS HERE CAKE WUZ  
LIGHT, ORTA BE IN  
MY SHOES!



IT'S ABSURD!  
OF COURSE YOU  
CAWN'T GET IT  
THROUGH THE  
DOOAH!

WE CUD GET IT  
THROUGH TH REVOLVIN'  
DOOR IF WE CUT IT  
INTO SLICES!

GOOD IDEAR!  
LET'S CUT IT  
ON TH' POLE  
HERE!

SCRATCH



SEE ?.. THEN WE'LL  
JAM TH' TWO SIDES  
T'GETHER WHEN WE  
GET INSIDE.

THIS IS WHUT  
I CALL SPLIT-  
SECOND TIMIN',  
JASPER!

HOW  
REVOLTING!



WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?...IS THAT THE CAKE? MAYBE IT WAS THE CAKE!

OUT OF MY WAY, PLEASE!

SPLAT

SPLAT

HEY!

OH!...OH!

JUST TAKE IT EASY, KRISKO! WE KIN FIX IT AGAIN!

GREAT JUMPIN' LEAPFROGS! HOW'RE WE GONNA GIT THIS BACK TOGETHER? ...IT'D TAKE A MAGISHUN.

NOW.. SHE'S ALMOST DONE! TAIN'T SUCH A BAD JOB

OUR FUS' PLASTICK-SURGERY JOB! HEY, JASPER..MEBBE WE KIN PICK UP SOME EXTRA DOUGH LIFTIN' FACES!

FIFI.. WAIT FOR ME, DEAR!

I'VE PICKED UP ENOUGH **EXTRA** DOUGH TODAY, THANKS! MOVE THET THAR OTHER PIECE OVER BY THE ELEVATOR, 'N WE'LL GIT GOIN'!

SURE, POTNER.

GOING UP!

THIS HERE ELEVATOR'S BIG ENOUGH...LET'S PUT 'EM TOGETHER NOW!

GOING UP!

COME, FIFI.

ARF

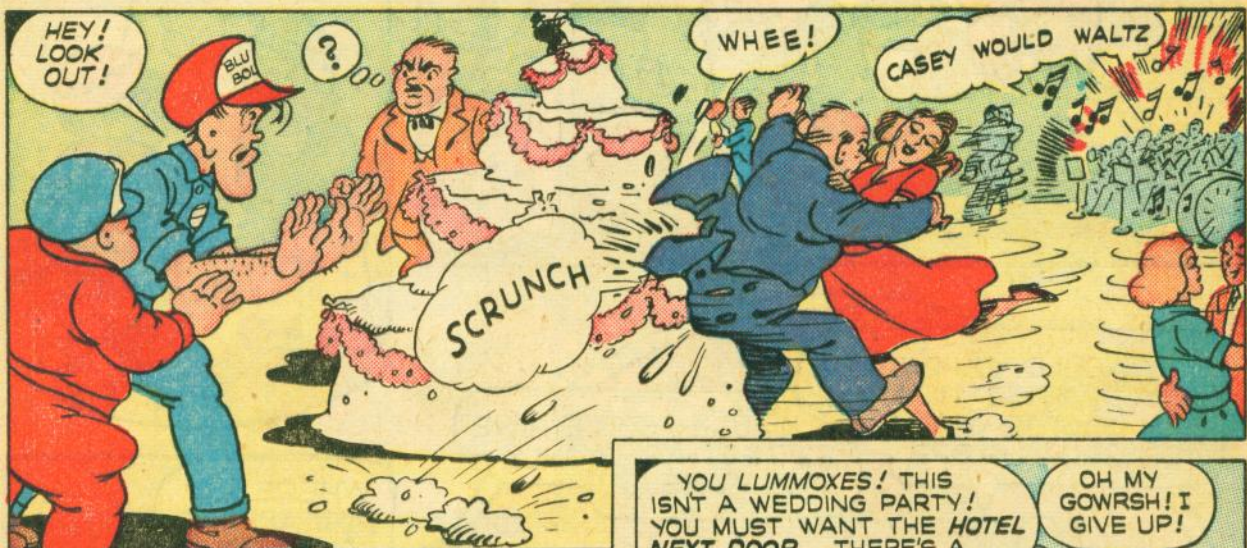
NO SOONER SED THAN DONE..

**HELP!..** MY FIFI! WHERE IS SHE?

YOUR WHO...WHAT?

?





**WHICH GOES TO SHOW: SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR CAKE OR EAT IT EITHER! BUT THE BOYS PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER ENOUGH TO HIT THE ROAD NEXT TIME, IN THE BUMPY, LUMPY MOVIN' VAN... DON'T MISS 'EM NEXT ISSUE!**



GEE, I BET YOUR POP WAS **DOWNHEARTED** WHEN THOSE CROOKS HELD HIM UP, HUH???

NAW! HIS HEART WAS IN HIS MOUTH ALL THE TIME !!!



WHY WOULD YOU RATHER BE A **DENTIST** THAN AN **EAR DOCTOR** WHEN YOU GROW UP ???

'CAUSE PEOPLE HAVE **32 TEETH**, BUT ONLY **TWO EARS !!!**



MILT HAMMER.

BLUE BOLT

**24 SAN MARINO 10c**—In our entire 27 years of business, we have never advertised such an outstanding offer. Here are 6 different sets from one of the hardest countries to get stamps from. These 24 magnificent stamps have sold for as much as 5c each, or \$1.20 for the 24 stamps. These beautiful issues, many quite large, will make San Marino the finest page in your album. Send 10c for this wonderful collection of 24 all different San Marino. All guaranteed genuine.

WM. PENN STAMP CO. Dept. x, P. O. Box 303, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

MUST YOU ALWAYS ANSWER A QUESTION BY ASKING ONE ???

DO I ???



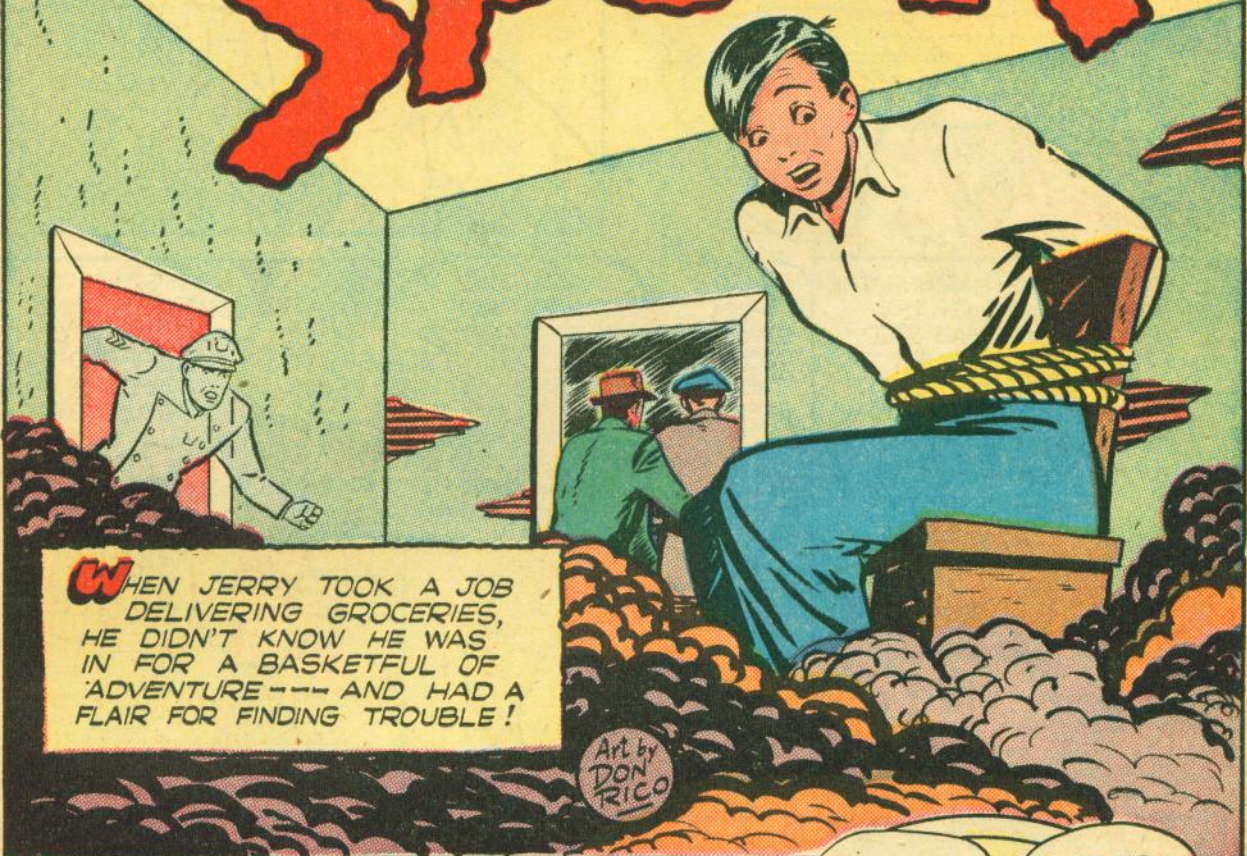
WHERE DO **PINEAPPLES** COME FROM???

ER-FROM **PINE TREES !!**





# Sergeant Spook



Art by  
DON RICO

**W**HEN JERRY TOOK A JOB DELIVERING GROCERIES, HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS IN FOR A BASKETFUL OF 'ADVENTURE'--- AND HAD A FLAIR FOR FINDING TROUBLE!

DELIVERING GROCERIES FOR MR. MYERS IS FUN!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE YOUR JOB, JERRY... BUT THIS IS A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD!

I GUESS IT IS... BUT NO ONE WILL BOTHER ME! I'M JUST DOING MY JOB!

BUT YOU WORK ALONE AND MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE! TAKE THIS FLARE AND SEND IT UP IF YOU NEED ME!



BLUE BOLT



THERE'S A RUMOR THAT THE HARKINS JEWEL THIEVES ARE HIDING OUT DOWN HERE! THEY PULLED A JOB LAST MONTH AT RIFFONY'S JEWELRY STORE AND THEY'RE PROBABLY PLANNING ANOTHER!



OH, BOY, SPOOK! DO YOU THINK THEY'RE REALLY IN THIS PART OF TOWN?

I'M AFRAID SO! AND THEY'RE BAD MEN, JERRY!



WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE?

MIKE HARKINS, THE BRAINS OF THE GANG, HAS RED HAIR, AND HIS TWIN BROTHER LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HIM! THE THIRD BROTHER IS CALLED SCARFACE-- HE HAS A LONG, JAGGED SCAR RUNNING ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD!

YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY'D RECOGNIZE THEM EASILY!

THAT'S THE POINT! THEY SLIPPED UP ON THEIR LAST JOB! SCARFACE'S DISGUISE FELL OFF, AND THE MAN THEY ROBBED IDENTIFIED THE PICTURE AT HEADQUARTERS! IT'S IN THE MORNING PAPERS!

I GO THIS WAY! SO LONG, SPOOK!

I'M GOING TO SNOOP AROUND, AND SEE IF I CAN FIND THEIR HIDEOUT...BE CAREFUL, JERRY!



NOT FAR AWAY--

I WISH DE GRUB AN' PAPER'D GET HERE! I WANNA SEE IF DERE'S ANYTHING ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S JOB IN IT!

YOU'RE SOME PUNK, LOSIN' YER DISGUISE LIKE DAT! WHAT IF DE DELIVERY KID RECOGNIZES YA?

YEAH!

FERGET IT! NOBODY SAW ME BUT DAT OLD GEEZER I SLUGGED-- AN' I THINK I TOOK CARE OF HIM!

YEAH-- BUT THERE'S NO SENSE TAKIN' CHANCES!









DIS IS  
GONNA BE  
DA BIGGEST  
JOB WE  
EVER  
PULLED!

YEAH!

AND WE  
KIN RETIRE  
ON DE ICE  
WE PICK  
UP TONIGHT!

HERE'S DE PLAN! DE VAN HUSEN  
COSTUME BALL STARTS AT EIGHT!  
WE'LL GIT DERE AT NINE WID OUR  
MASKS AN' WIGS AN' DRESSED AS  
HOBOS! AT NINE-THOITY ALL DE  
SWELLS WILL BE DERE,  
READY TO HAND OVER  
THEIR DIAMONDS AND  
JEWELS TO US-- WID  
JUST A LITTLE  
PERSUASION!



MEANWHILE, JERRY HAS WORKED  
THE FLARE OUT OF HIS POCKET,  
AND TOSSES IT INTO THE STOVE!

THERE! I HOPE  
SPOOK SEES THE  
SMOKE!

LOOKS LIKE  
A FIRE! I'D  
BETTER  
SEE WHAT'S  
UP!

HEY!  
DE JOINT'S  
ON FIRE!

LET'S GET  
OUTA  
HERE!

DAT'LL  
FINISH  
DE KID,  
AN' SAVE  
US DE  
TROUBLE!

SPOOK!  
HELP!

JERRY!  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?

Three  
HOURS  
LATER--

HE'S COMING  
TO! WHEW!  
I THOUGHT  
THE KID WAS  
DONE FOR!

WHO--- WHERE---  
HEY!! WHAT  
TIME IS IT?



IT'S A QUARTER  
TO NINE, SON!  
HOW DO YOU  
FEEL?

LET ME  
OUT OF  
HERE!  
COME ON,  
SPOOK!

WE'VE GOT TO  
NOTIFY THE POLICE!  
THE HARKINS GANG  
IS PLANNING A  
ROBBERY FOR  
NINE-THIRTY!

STOP THAT KID!  
HE'S DELIRIOUS!

FASTER,  
JERRY! HE'S  
GAINING  
ON US!

AT THE POLICE STATION---

... AND THE HARKINS GANG  
IS ARRIVING AT MRS. VAN  
HUESEN'S HOUSE RIGHT  
NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING!

SERGEANT,  
THIS CHILD  
IS DELIRIOUS!

NOW, MY LAD, YOU JUST  
GO HOME AND GET SOME  
REST! YOU'RE STILL GROGGY  
FROM THAT SMOKE! NOW...  
GET ALONG!

WHAT'LL  
WE DO  
NOW?  
THEY  
WON'T  
BELIEVE  
ME!

WE'LL HAVE  
TO TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
HARKINS  
OURSELVES,  
AND WE  
HAVEN'T MUCH  
TIME!  
COME ON!

AT THE VAN HUESEN  
MANSION---

YES?

WE'VE GOT  
TO SEE MRS. VAN  
HUESEN RIGHT  
AWAY! THERE ARE  
JEWEL THIEVES AT  
HER PARTY!

GO AWAY,  
CHILD! WE'RE  
TOO BUSY  
FOR PRANKS  
TONIGHT!

WE'LL GO  
AROUND  
TO THE SIDE,  
JERRY---  
THERE MAY  
BE A  
WINDOW  
OPEN!

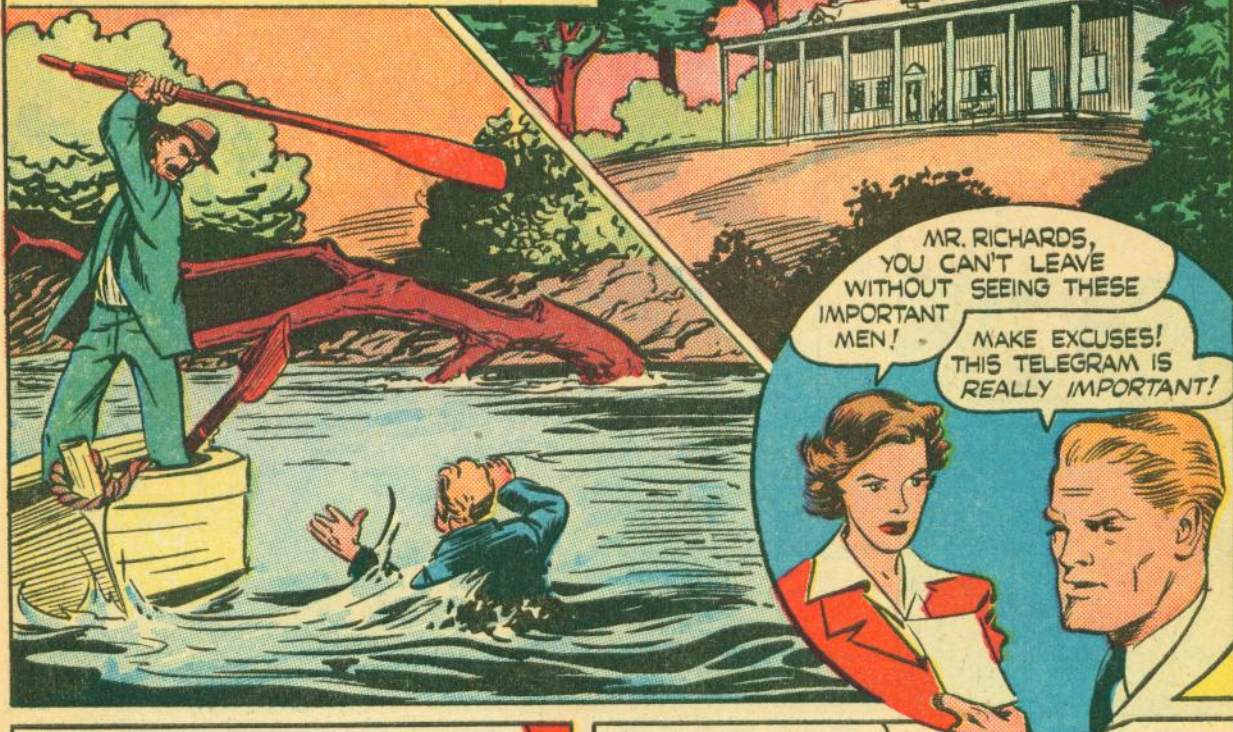






# Rick Richards

*The SEARCH FOR A PRICELESS ORCHID LEADS RICK INTO DRAMATIC ACTION ON THE HALLOWED GROUNDS OF MOUNT VERNON, HOME OF OUR FIRST PRESIDENT!*

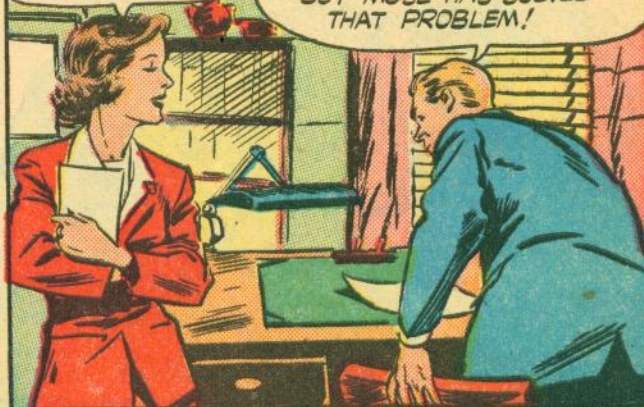


MOSE LINCOLN, MY SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD PROTÉGÉ, HAS MADE A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY---ORCHIDS!

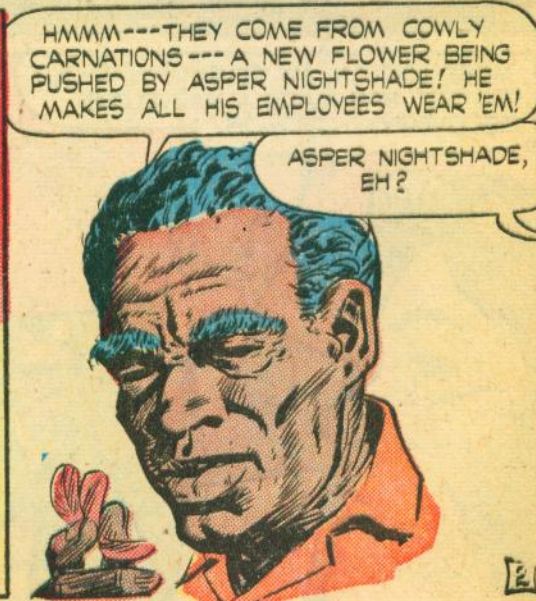
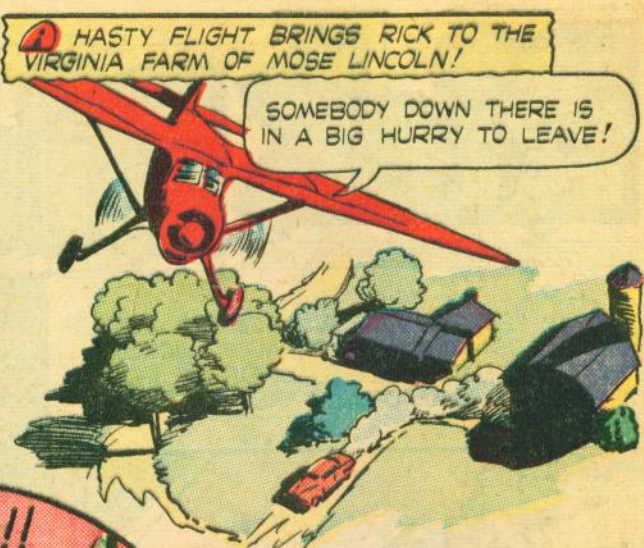
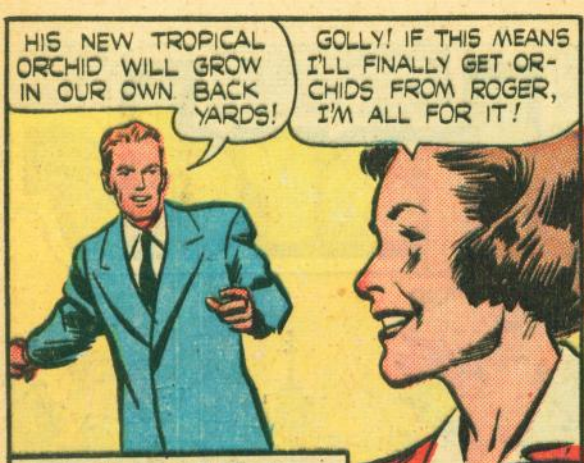


WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT ORCHIDS--EXCEPT THAT MY BOY FRIEND CAN'T AFFORD THEM!

THE COST OF SHIPPING FRAGILE ORCHIDS FROM THE TROPICS PUTS THEM IN THE EXPENSIVE CLASS--BUT MOSE HAS SOLVED THAT PROBLEM!

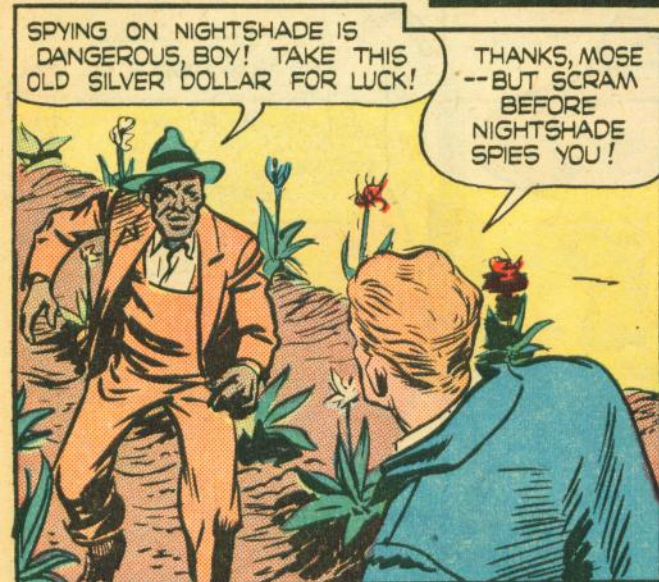
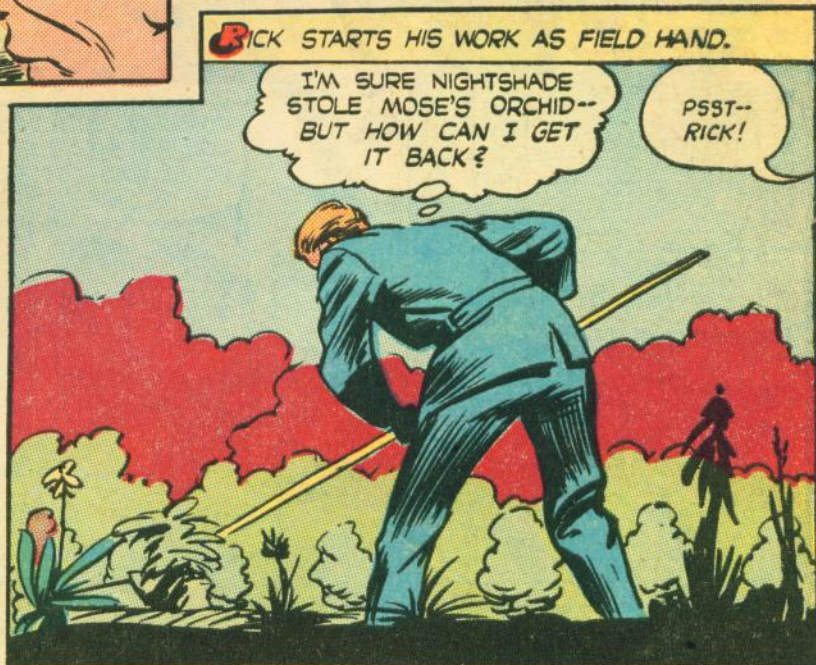
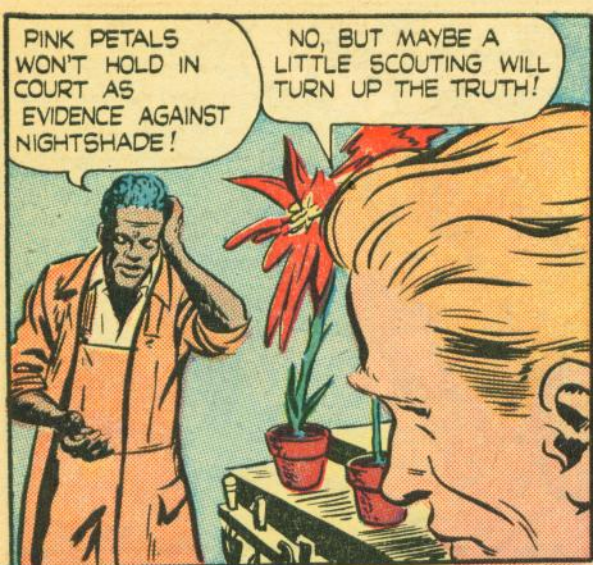






**Q** UESTION No. 13. What state in the U. S. is called the Old Dominion?







FIND OUT WHO THAT GUY IS--  
AND DON'T BE POLITE ABOUT IT!



GREETINGS, STRANGER!  
SIT DOWN AND TAKE IT  
EASY!



THERE'LL BE NO MESS!  
LUG HIM INTO THE GREEN-  
HOUSE, AND GET SOME  
BLANKETS!

BLANKETS! ON A  
HOT DAY LIKE THIS?



GREAT SCOTT!  
IT'S RICK RICHARDS!

ULP! HE'S A TOUGH  
GUY TO MESS  
WITH, BOSS!



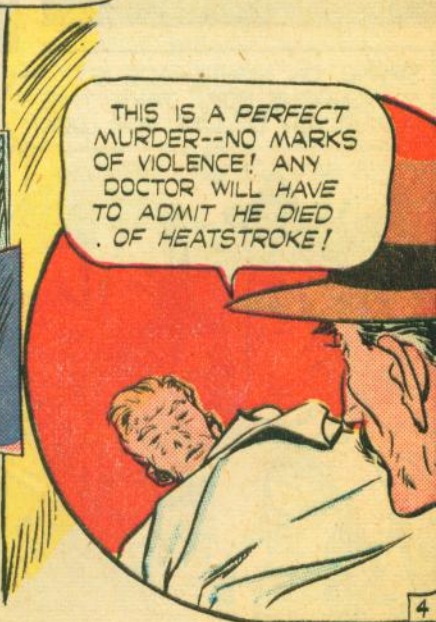
WITH THE TEMPERATURE  
UP TO 150 DEGREES, AND  
THOSE BLANKETS AROUND  
HIM, HE WON'T LAST LONG!

YOU MUST BE  
GOIN' SOFT TO  
MAKE HIM SO  
COMFORTABLE!

IT'S NO COMFORT,  
IDIOT, TO DIE OF  
HEATSTROKE!



THIS IS A PERFECT  
MURDER--NO MARKS  
OF VIOLENCE! ANY  
DOCTOR WILL HAVE  
TO ADMIT HE DIED  
OF HEATSTROKE!



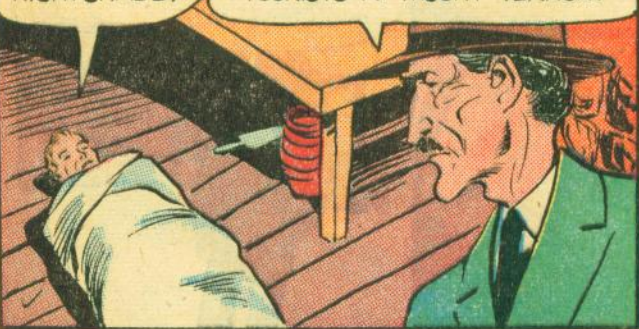


YOU'LL GET THE HOT SEAT FOR THIS, NIGHTSHADE!

OH, NO--*YOU* WILL! I'M LEAVING NOW TO ESTABLISH AN ALIBI, BY MINGLING WITH THE TOURISTS AT MOUNT VERNON!

I'LL BE THERE, OBSERVED BY HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE, AT THE VERY MOMENT YOU DIE! AND I'LL HAVE THE PRECIOUS ORCHID SEED WITH ME!

RUN ALONG, HATCHET-HEAD. IT'S GETTING STUFFY IN HERE!

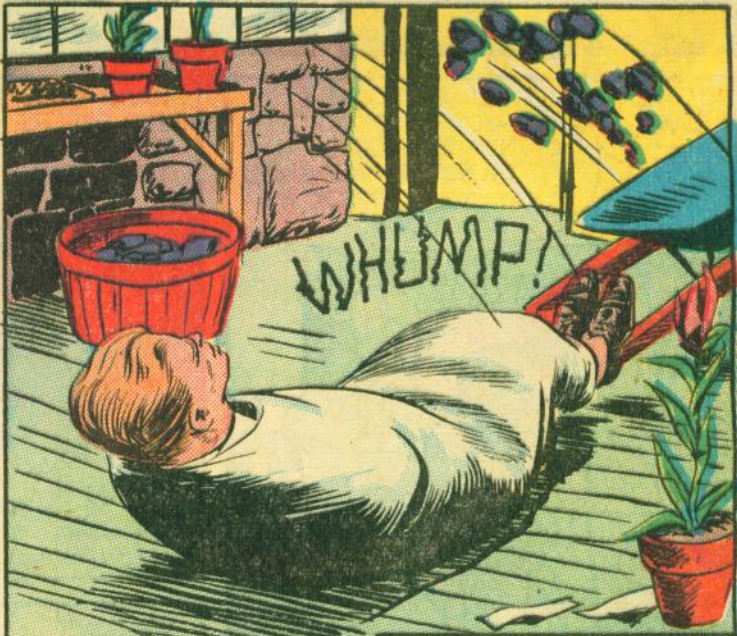
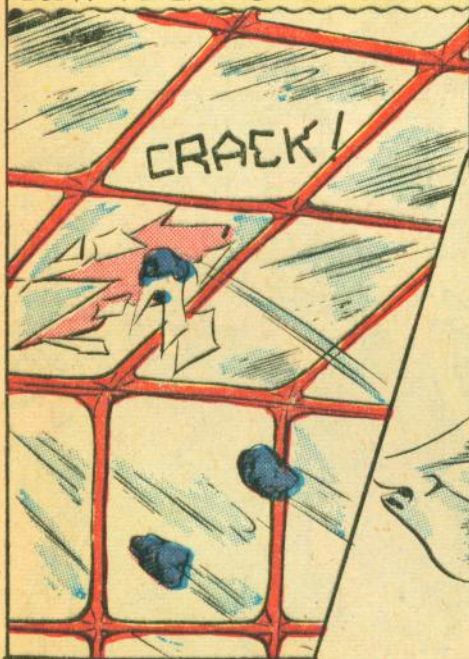


**R**ICK STRUGGLES HELPLESSLY AGAINST HIS BONDS AND THE SOARING TEMPERATURE----

NO USE! I'M WEAKENING! NOT A CHANCE OF ESCAPING--UNLESS I CAN CATAPULT SOME ROCKS TO STIMULATE THAT WACKY ADRENAL GLAND OF MINE WITH A SUDDEN SHARP NOISE!



**R**OCK BREAKS A PANE. RICK IS SUDDENLY STRENGTHENED BY A RUSH OF ADRENALIN THROUGH HIS BODY! HE BREAKS ALL HIS BONDS.



AH! AFTER I CATCH NIGHTSHADE AND GET THE ORCHID, I'LL SIT INSIDE AN ICEBOX FOR TWO HOURS!



WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

I'M BOUND FOR MOUNT VERNON, CHUM!





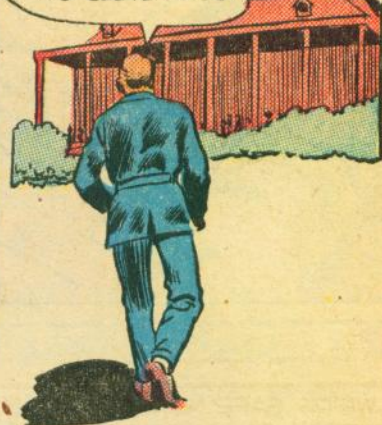
RATHER CHIC, DON'T YOU THINK?  
JUST LIKE YOUR WIVES WEAR,  
NO DOUBT!



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO  
VISIT MOUNT VERNON--AND  
NOW I CAN COMBINE  
BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!



NIGHTSHADE IS PROBABLY  
IN THE MIDST OF THE BIGGEST  
GROUP OF PEOPLE, CONGRAT-  
ULATING HIMSELF ON  
HIS CLEVERNESS!

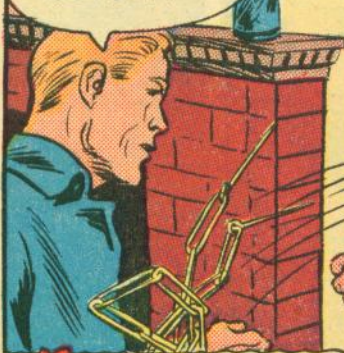


NO!... NO!  
IT CAN'T  
BE---

GREETINGS, COOK! I  
HOPPED OUT OF YOUR  
OVEN A BIT TOO SOON,  
BUT I'M NOT SO HALF-BAKED  
THAT YOU'LL TRICK ME  
ANY MORE!



HAND OVER THE  
SEED BEFORE I  
PLANT ONE ON  
YOUR JAW!



THIEF!

SURVEYOR'S  
CHAIN  
USED BY GEORGE  
WASHINGTON



NIGHTSHADE THROWS A CHAIN AT RICK!

CAD! HOW DARE  
YOU STEAL  
THIS HALLOWED  
PROPERTY!

ULP! I UNDER-  
STAND! NIGHT-  
SHADE'S TRICKERY!

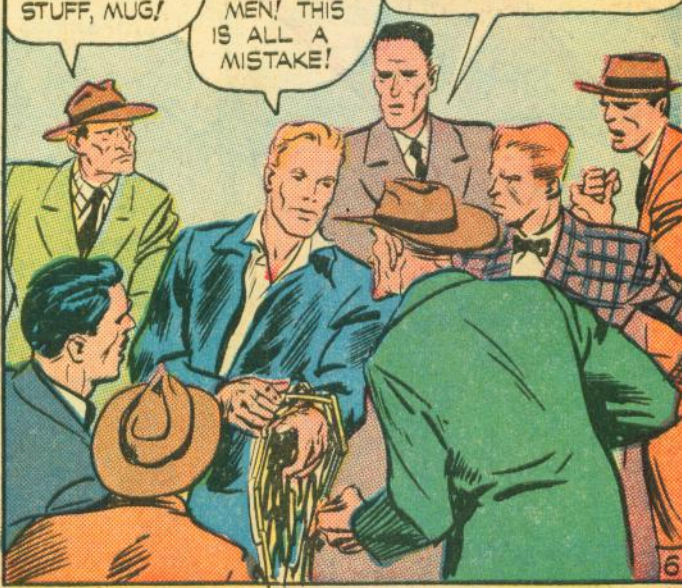
WHAT A  
DISGRACE!



WE DON'T  
GO FOR THAT  
STUFF, MUG!

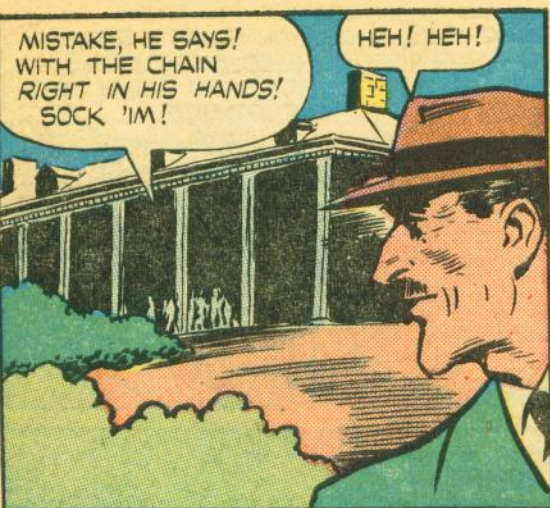
SOME  
OTHER TIME,  
MEN! THIS  
IS ALL A  
MISTAKE!

HOW'D YOU LIKE A  
PUNCH IN THE SNOOT?



QUESTION No. 15. Was George Washington born at Mount Vernon?





MISTAKE, HE SAYS!  
WITH THE CHAIN  
RIGHT IN HIS HANDS!  
SOCK 'IM!

HEH! HEH!



**S**TILL FORTIFIED WITH ADRENALIN, RICK PLOWS  
THROUGH THE CROWD!

SORRY, GENTLEMEN! THERE'S  
NO TIME FOR DEBATES! I'VE  
GOT TO CATCH AN ORCHID!

THE  
MAN'S  
MAD!

HE'S AWFUL  
STRONG TOO!  
LET 'IM GO!



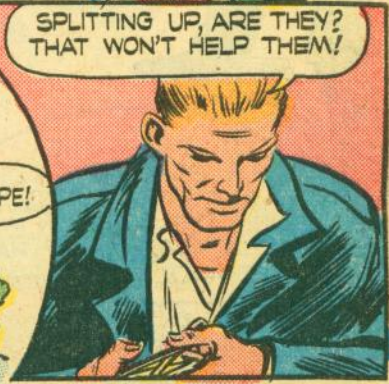
WE'RE SAFE NOW!  
I TOOK CARE OF  
RICHARDS, BUT  
GOOD!

YEAH? THEN HERE  
COMES HIS TWIN  
BROTHER!



BLAST IT! BUT  
HE CAN'T BE SURE  
WHICH ONE OF US CARRIES  
THE SEED. BREAK UP!

YEAH! WE'LL GO IN  
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!  
HE MAY CATCH ONE, BUT  
THE OTHER TWO WILL ESCAPE!



SPLITTING UP, ARE THEY?  
THAT WON'T HELP THEM!



HOPE THE CARETAKER  
DON'T MIND MY BORRYING  
HIS HORSE!

**STOP!**

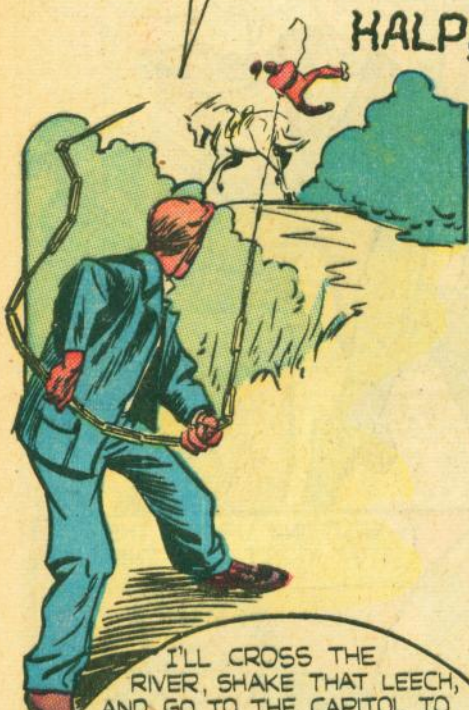


NOT A CHANCE, PAL!



THIS SURVEYOR'S CHAIN IS HELPING ME TO SURVEY THE CONTENTS OF YOUR POCKETS!

HALP!



I'LL CROSS THE RIVER, SHAKE THAT LEECH, AND GO TO THE CAPITOL TO REGISTER THE ORCHID IN MY NAME! RICHARDS WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, THEN!



TSK! TSK! SUCH MANNERS! NEVER HOLD A FORK LIKE THAT! IT ISN'T POLITE!

UGH!

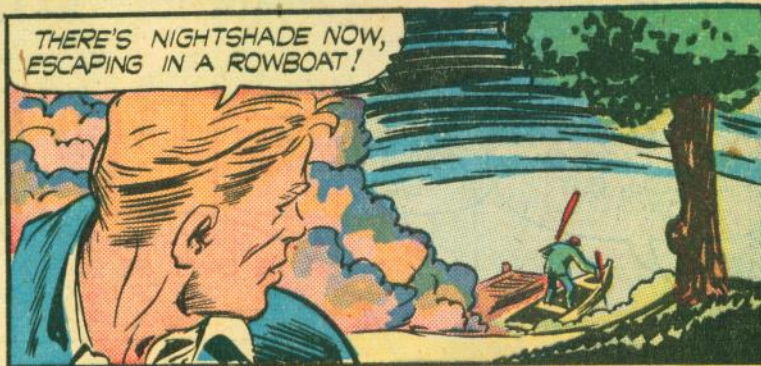


A MOMENT LATER--



WELL, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE ORCHID SEED, BUT THERE'S STILL TIME TO CATCH THE OTHERS.

THERE'S NIGHTSHADE NOW, ESCAPING IN A ROWBOAT!



I'VE GOT TO GET NIGHTSHADE MIGHTY FAST! HE'S TOO TRICKY TO LET ALONE!

I BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU!



THIS STACK MUST WEIGH TONS--AND THAT IS HAY!

WAIT'LL I GET DIS FORK OUT!





SORRY, I CAN'T  
WAIT! HAVE SOME  
HAY!



NIGHTSHADE'S GOT A BIG HEAD-  
START ON ME NOW! I CAN'T CATCH  
HIM BY SWIMMING!

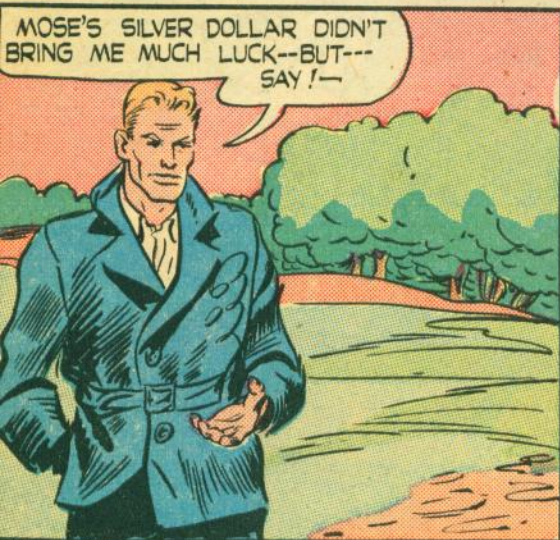


THAT CROOK'S GOT ME  
LICKED UNLESS I CAN GET  
A MESSAGE TO THOSE FARMERS  
ACROSS THE RIVER TO HOLD  
NIGHTSHADE--BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

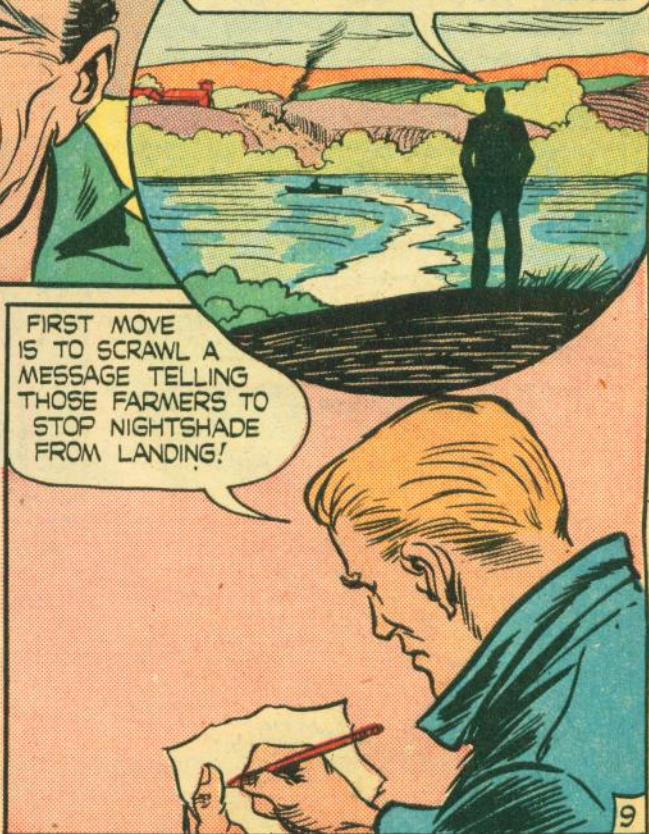
YOU'RE LICKED, RICHARDS!  
I'LL SOON BE IN WASHINGTON!  
THE FLOWER WILL BE  
LEGALLY MINE!



MOSE'S SILVER DOLLAR DIDN'T  
BRING ME MUCH LUCK--BUT---  
SAY!--



FIRST MOVE  
IS TO SCRAWL A  
MESSAGE TELLING  
THOSE FARMERS TO  
STOP NIGHTSHADE  
FROM LANDING!

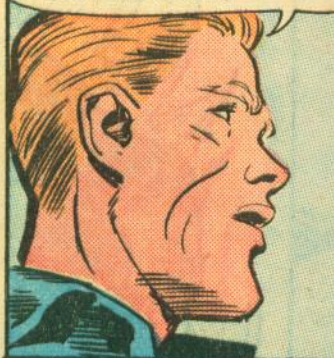




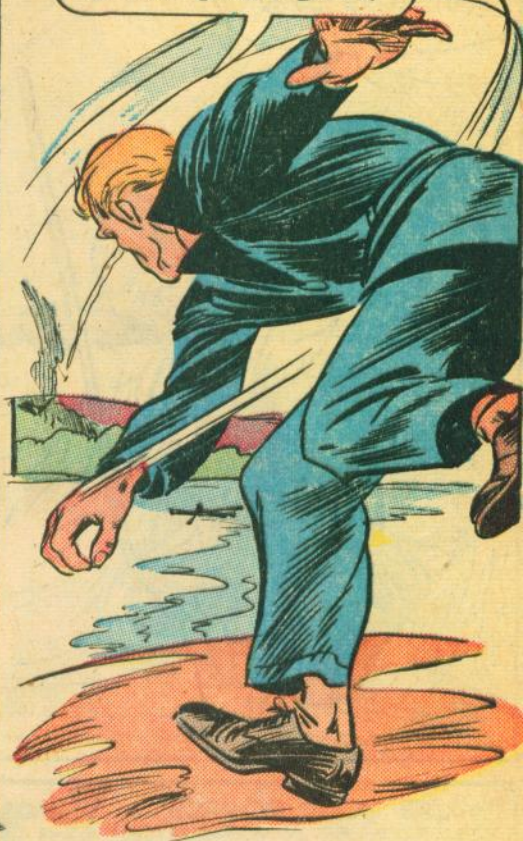
AND NOW TO WRAP THE NOTE AROUND THE SILVER DOLLAR AND FASTEN IT WITH A RUBBER BAND!



GEORGE WASHINGTON ONCE THREW A SILVER DOLLAR ACROSS A RIVER, AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GIVE OUT WITH A TOSS JUST AS GOOD!

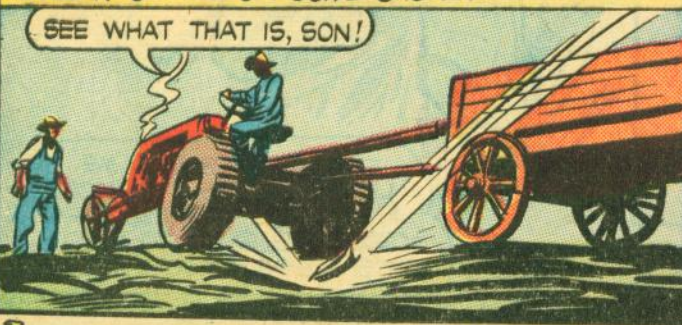


IT LOOKS MIGHTY FAR TO THAT OTHER BANK!



RICK'S POWERFUL HEAVE LANDS THE SILVER DOLLAR ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE!

SEE WHAT THAT IS, SON!



A MINUTE LATER, NIGHTSHADE IS GREETED BY A GRIM COMMITTEE!

YOU AIN'T LANDING HERE, YOU CROOK! WE JUST GOT A MESSAGE, PLUMB OUT O' THE SKY!

GIVE ME A HAND!



BLAST THE IDIOTS! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK TO THE OTHER SHORE!

BETTER REST YOUR OARS, BUB!



RICHARDS, YOU INHUMAN BEAST! I'LL CLUB YOU TO DEATH!

NOT THIS TIME, NIGHTSHADE-- YOU'RE NOT THE CLUBBY TYPE!







THERE!  
TAKE THAT!

I WILL--AND  
YOU WITH IT!

HERE'S THE  
ORCHID SEED--  
BUT DON'T  
LET ME  
DROWN!

DON'T WORRY.  
EVEN THE  
FISH WOULD  
REJECT YOU--  
THEY DON'T  
LIKE *EVERY*  
TYPE OF WORM!



COME ON IN, THE  
WATER'S FINE!

AWWK! I  
CAN'T SWIM!



YOU CAN'T ARREST  
ME! IT'S MY WORD  
AGAINST YOURS! NO  
COURT WILL CONVICT ME!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
UNFORTUNATELY!



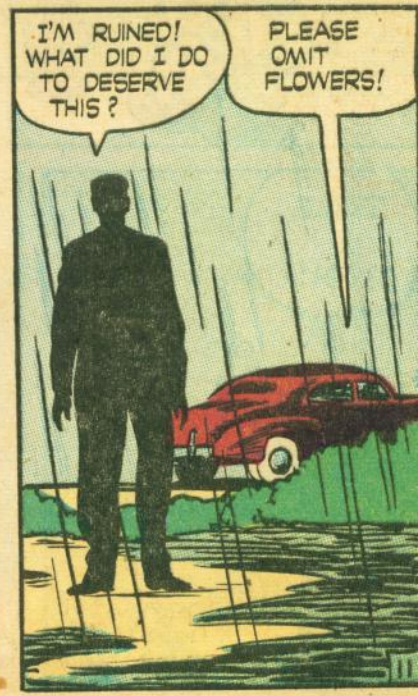
Later --

I FEEL  
SAFER NOW  
WITH MY  
ORCHID  
REGISTERED,  
RICK!

YES, BUT I  
FEEL NIGHT-  
SHADE'S  
GETTING  
OFF TOO  
EASY-- MY  
GOSH, LOOK!



NIGHTSHADE FORGOT TO  
TURN OFF THE HEAT AFTER  
TRYING TO ROAST ME. THE  
OVERHEATED GLASS PANES  
CRACK AS THE COLD RAIN  
STRIKES THEM!

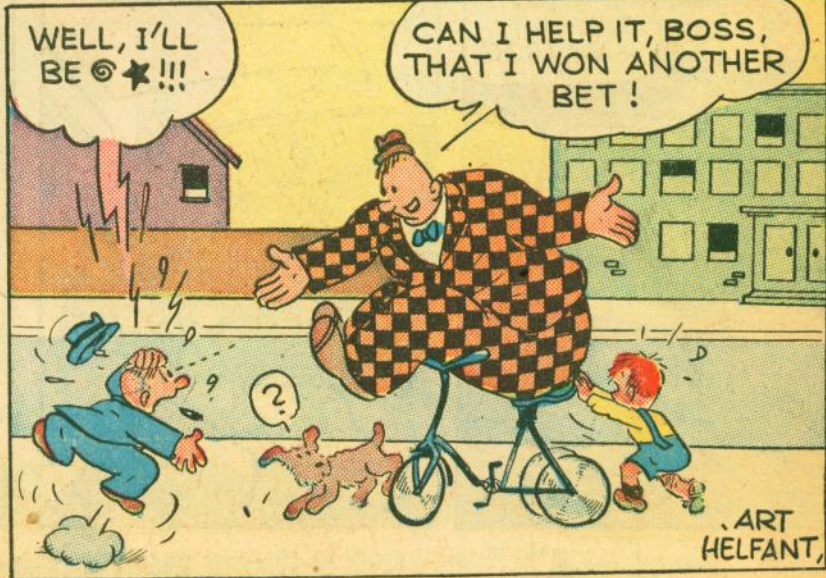


I'M RUINED!  
WHAT DID I DO  
TO DESERVE  
THIS?

PLEASE  
OMIT  
FLOWERS!



# TWO-TON O'TOOLE



ART HELFANT,



# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

HOW WOULD YOU  
DIVIDE ONE  
POTATO AMONG  
FIVE PEOPLE?

ER-THAT'S  
EASY-MAKE  
POTATO  
SALAD!!



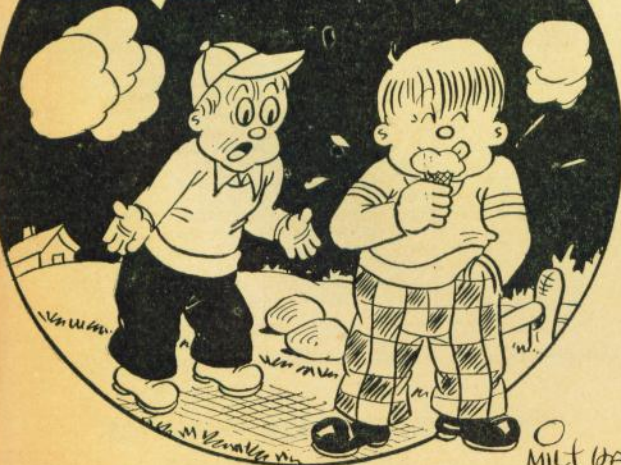
WHAT'S A  
QUARTET??

WHERE ALL FOUR  
GUYS THINK THE  
OTHER THREE  
CAN'T SING!



HEY-DID YOU FIND  
A NICKEL HERE A  
LITTLE WHILE  
AGO??

YEAH! THANKS  
A LOT!!



G'WAN, HOW COULD YOUR  
POP HAVE BOUGHT A  
BED THAT WASHINGTON  
'N LINCOLN SLEPT IN??

EASY-IT'S A  
DOUBLE BED!!



MILT HAMMER



# 6 GREAT "COMICS"

Dozens of comic magazines are on the newsstands every month. How can you choose the ones that will give the most pleasure?

READ here about six of the best. See which looks best to *you*.

Then go to the newsstand and ask for the one you want. Don't be confused.

## FRISKY FABLES

The delight of youngsters and grown-ups alike. Chock-full of picture stories and adventures featuring lots of new playmates. Look for Neddy Bear on the cover of FRISKY FABLES. Let him introduce you to his friends Icicle Ike, Spunky, those mischievous kittens, Tick, Tack and Toe, and many others. FRISKY is easy to recognize on the newsstand. Look for the checkerboard strip on the left side of the cover.

## TARGET COMICS

Kit Carter the Cadet, an old favorite of many comic book readers, is still leading TARGET COMICS. A brand-new thriller has been added, Gary Stark. Gary seeks and finds adventure in all parts of the world. These are only two of many exciting features in TARGET. For fun and increased knowledge, be sure and do the questions and answers at the bottom of the pages.

## YOUNG KING COLE

Meet Dick Cole's cousin, Young King Cole, detective master mind who solves many baffling crimes with the help of his associates. Boys and girls young and old like to read how Toni Cayle, glamorous model, escapes peril after peril by her clever detecting. Homer K. Beagle and Inspector Klooz put a laugh a minute into detective work. Be wise and get the detective comic with the Y's on the side-strip.

## 4MOST

Where can you find in one magazine the four favorite stories you follow in TARGET and BLUE BOLT? Did you say, "In 4MOST"? You're right! Buy a copy at your newsstand and read Dick Cole, Cadet and Edison Bell stories of extra length. Then be surprised at which picture story is the 4th-MOST popular feature. The Q's and A's (questions and answers) are in 4MOST too.

## BLUE BOLT

Dick Cole and his pals at Farr Military Academy have long been top favorites among comic book readers. Farr's school campus is the scene of exciting stories of sports and adventure. High on the list of BLUE BOLT "musts" is Edison Bell. You will find construction plans for games, boats, and other things to make on Edison Bell's gadget page. Don't forget to play the Q and A game in BLUE BOLT.

## HUMDINGER

For many years, readers followed adventures of Speck, Spot and Sis in TARGET COMICS. These popular neighborhood kids invited old and new readers to go "Humming along with HUMDINGER" and meet many new friends. See how Vic and Ventura can lead you through the pages of history as they relive thrilling scenes of long ago. By popular request, Q's and A's will soon be added to HUMDINGER.

All published by a leader in the comic magazine field.



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